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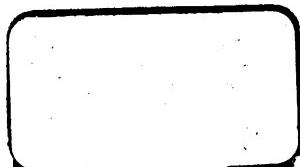
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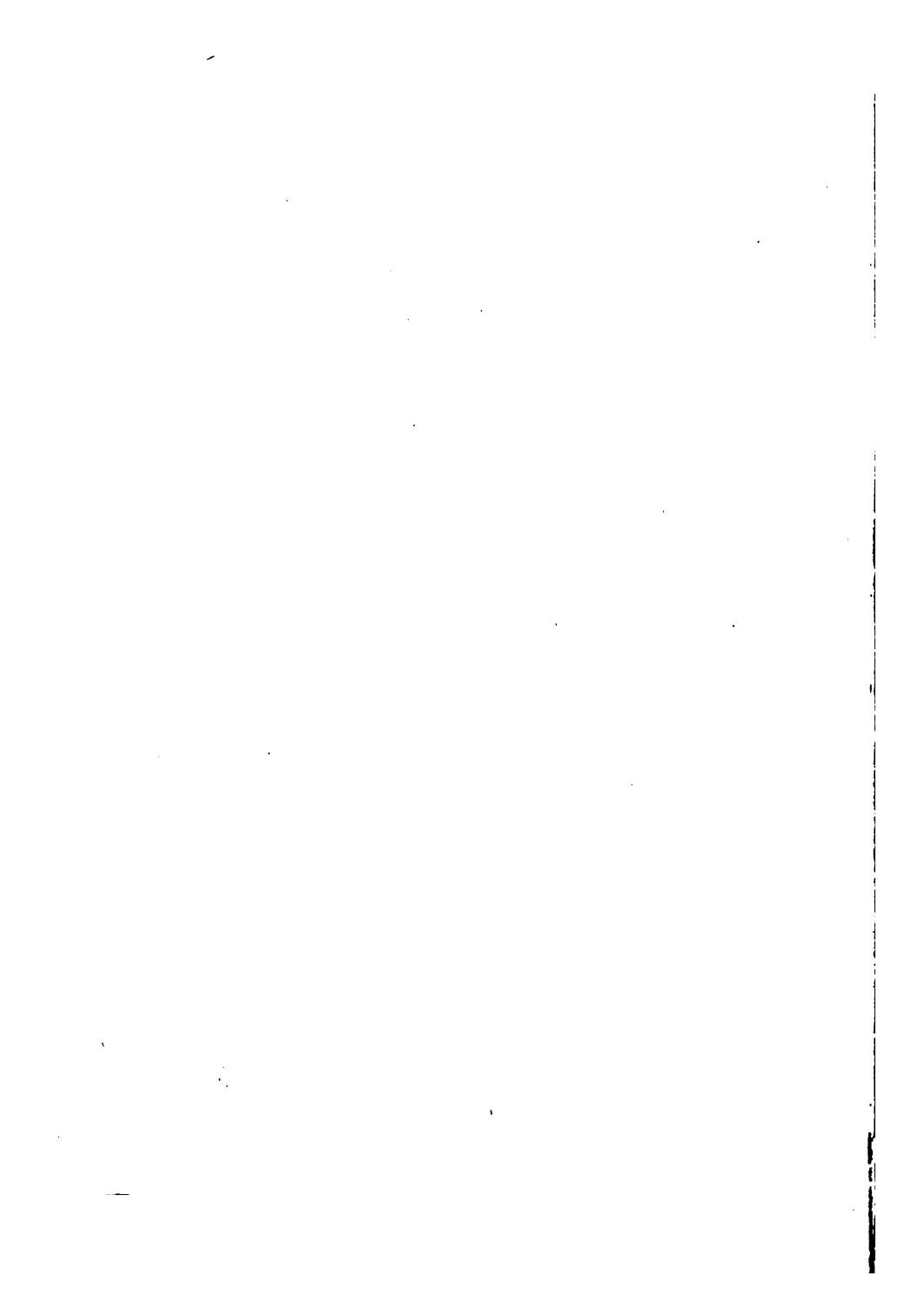
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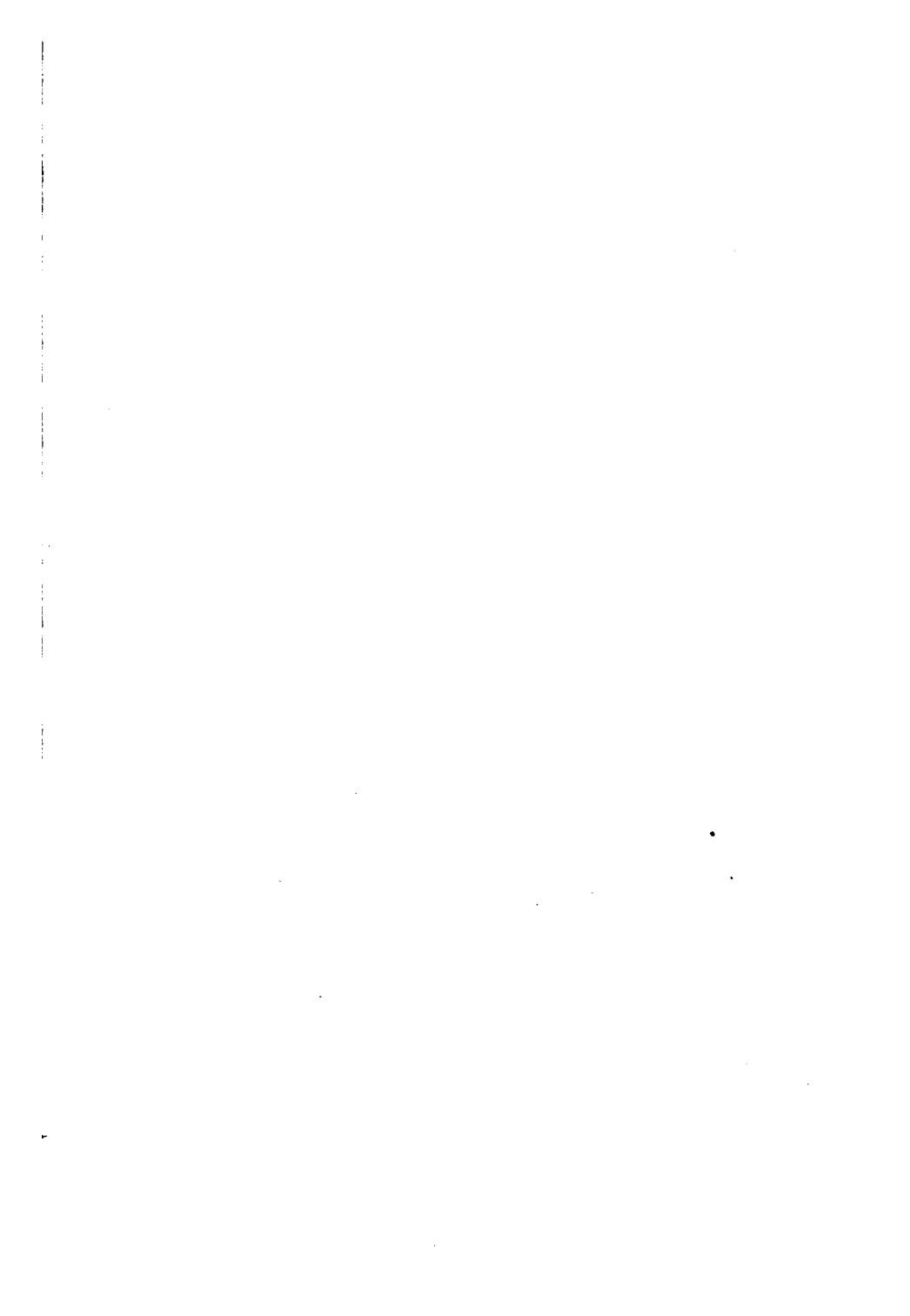
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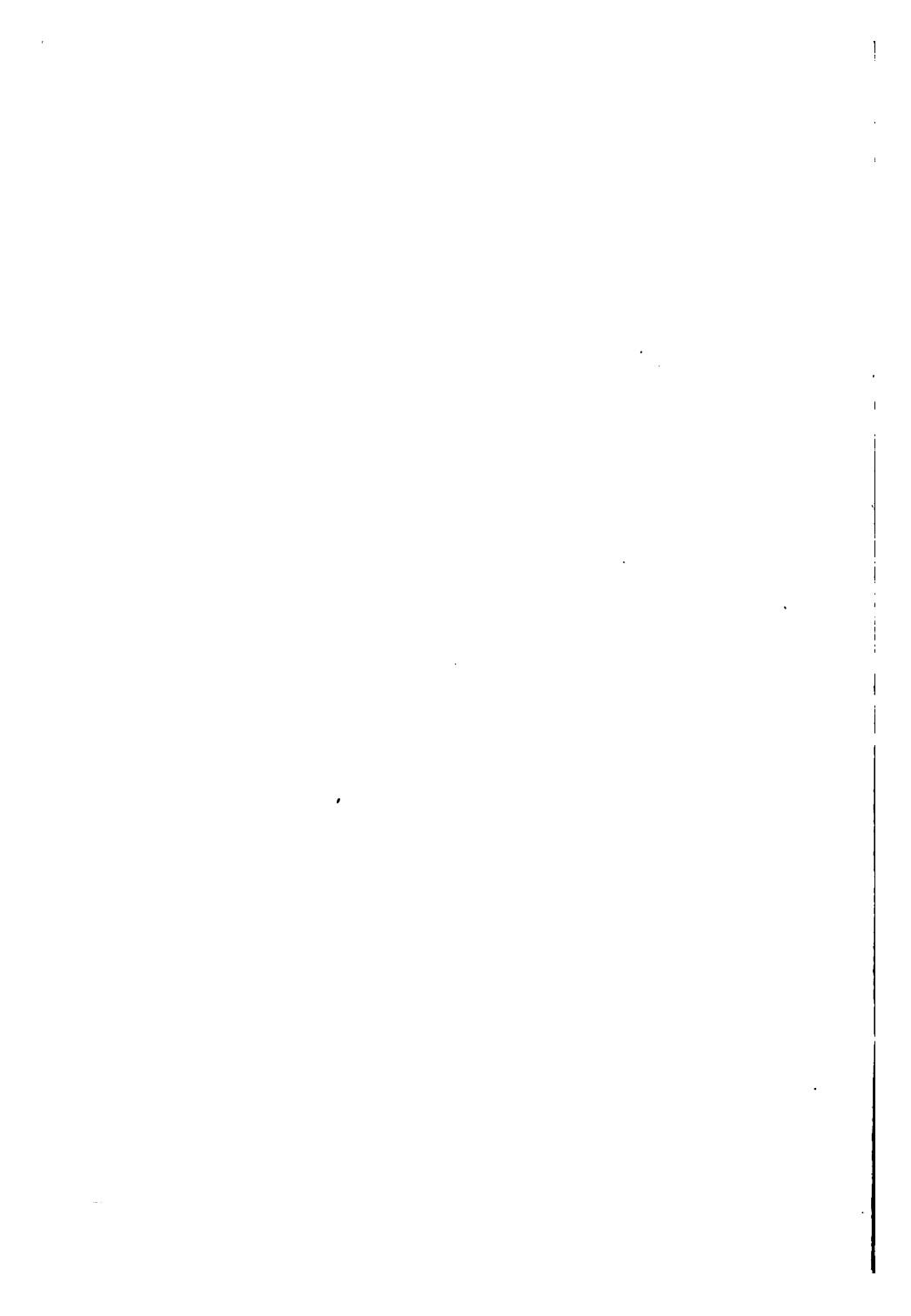
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EGYPTIAN MELODIES

And other Poems

BY

ALFRED J. HOUGH

Member Vermont Conference

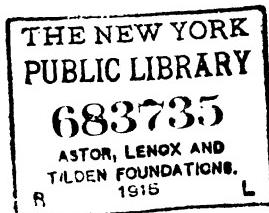


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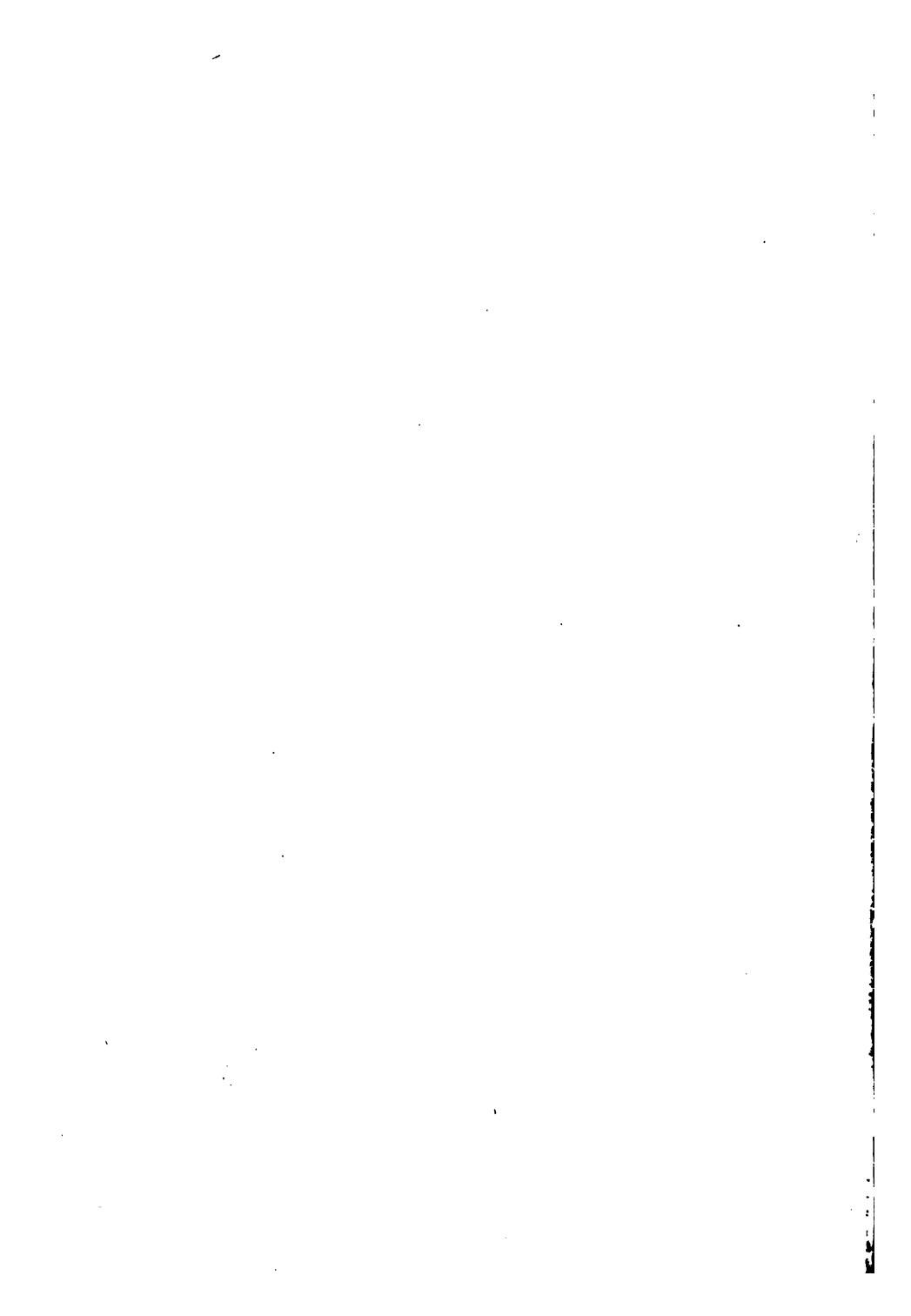


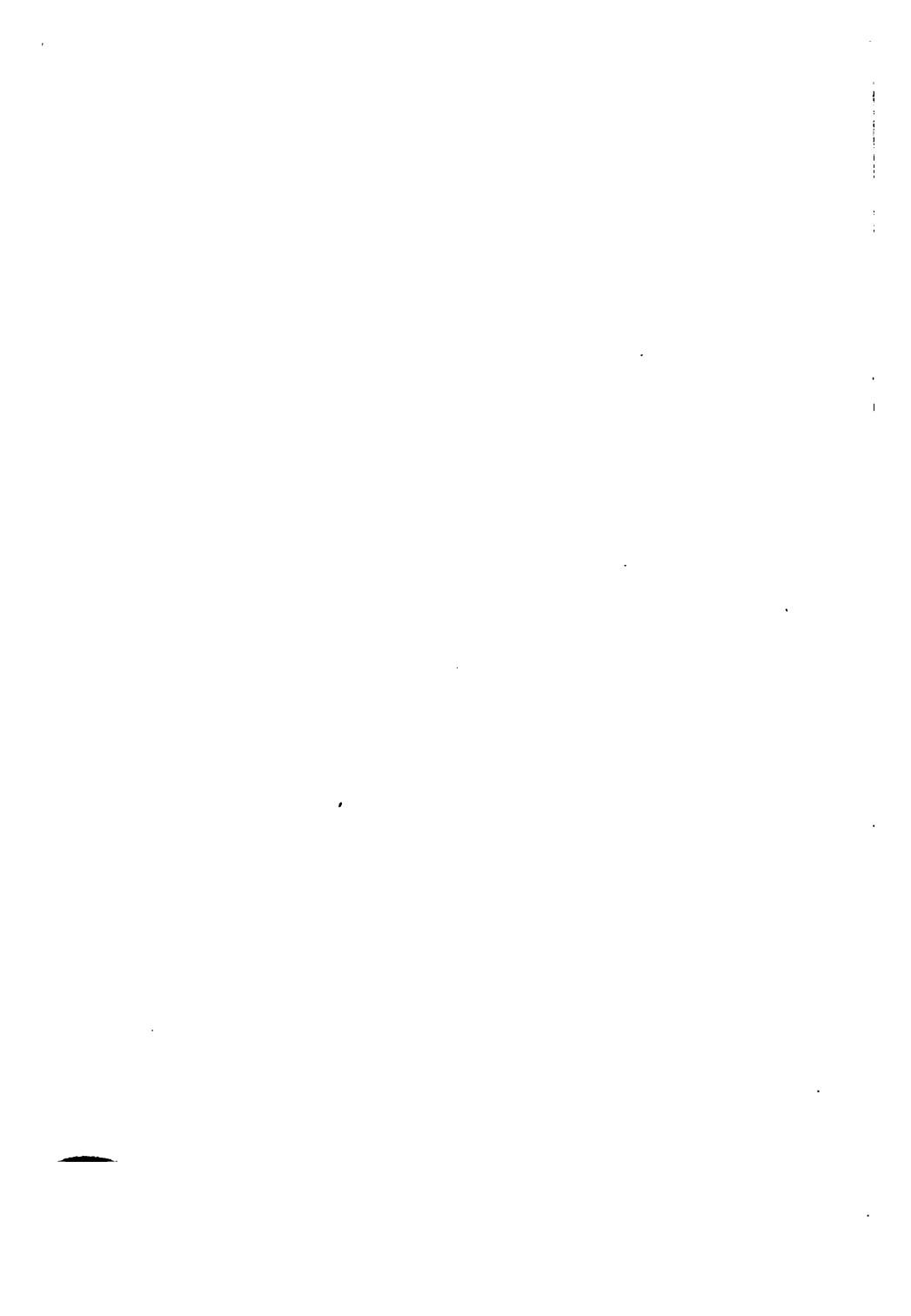
May your
days be
bright

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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
<i>Moses in Egypt</i>	7
<i>The Great Surrender</i>	9
<i>Life's Supreme Test</i>	12
<i>The Bush on Fire</i>	15
<i>Only a Rod, and—God</i>	17
<i>Compensation for Sacrifice</i>	19
<i>The Raising of Dorcas</i>	20
<i>The Spare Room Bed</i>	25
<i>Plod</i>	26
<i>That Charley McCabe</i>	29
<i>The Ark of God on a New Cart</i>	34
<i>"All Hail"</i>	38
<i>Taking the Collection</i>	40
<i>Mother's Old Hymn</i>	43
<i>The Master's Way</i>	44
<i>Toil and Toll</i>	45
<i>The Illumined Home</i>	46
<i>Self</i>	46
<i>Self Sacrifice</i>	47
<i>A Labor Song</i>	47
<i>The Day is at Hand</i>	48
<i>Sun and Rain</i>	48





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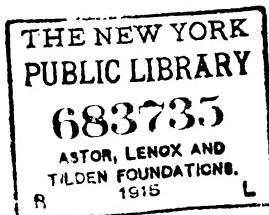


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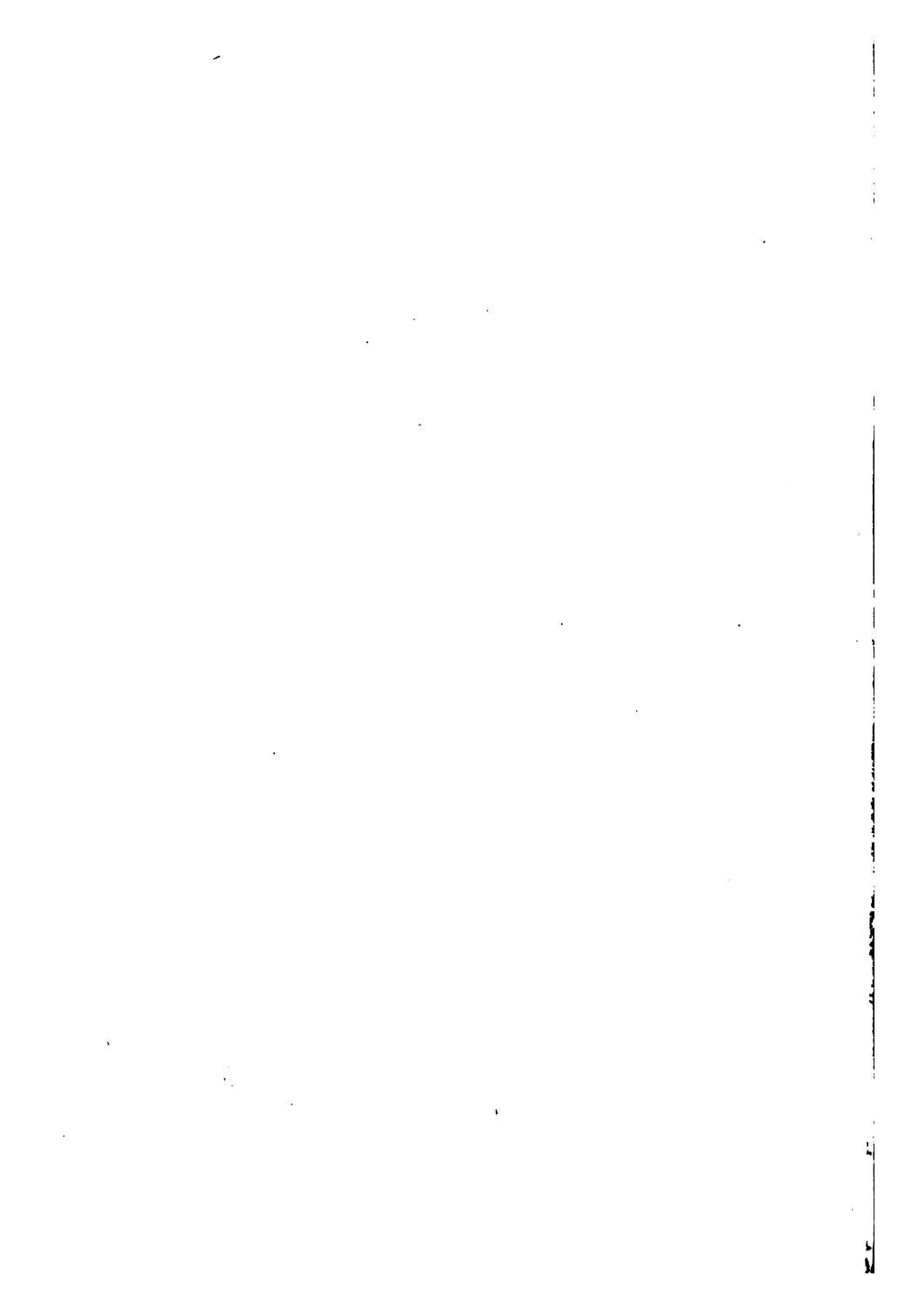


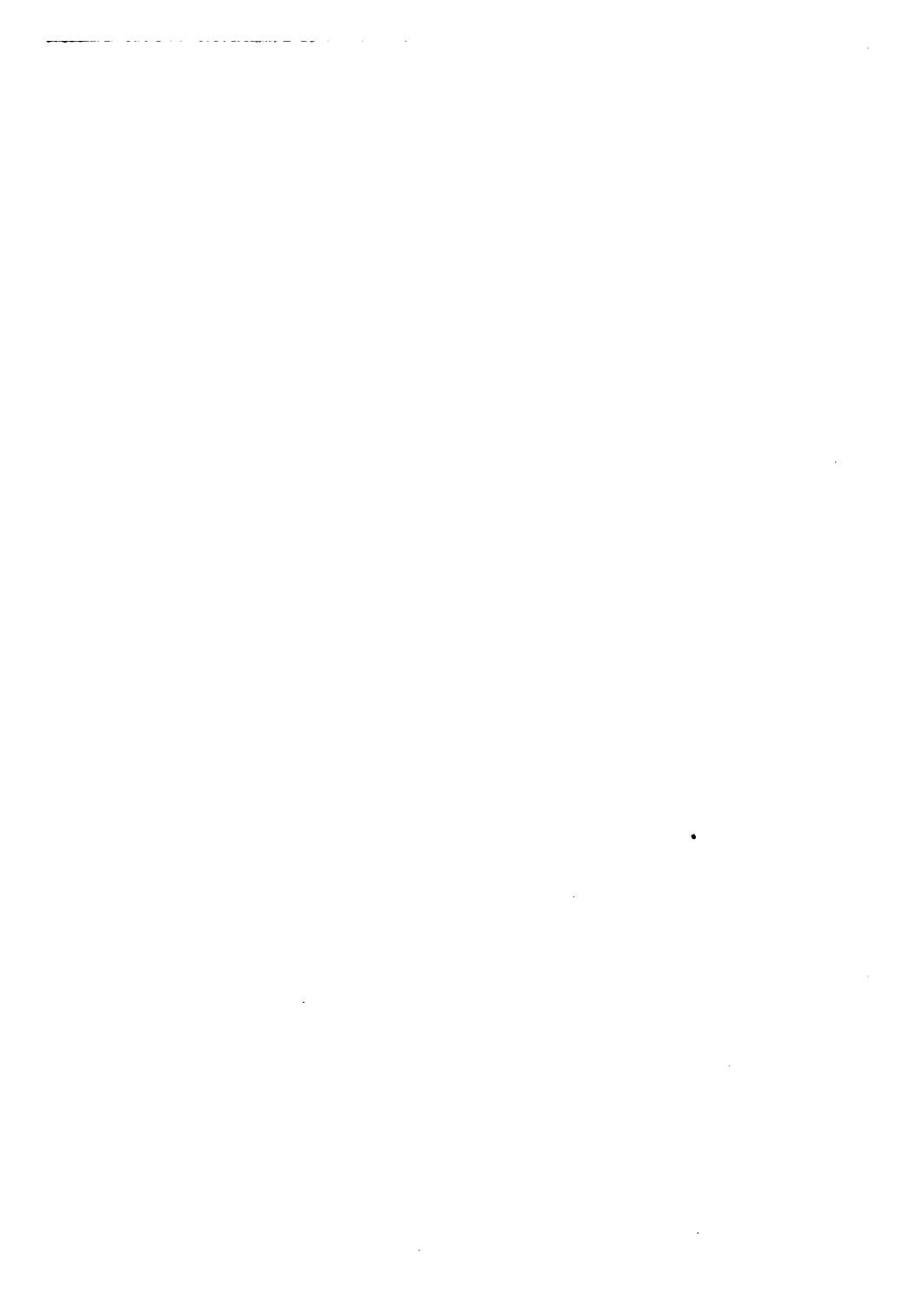
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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
<i>Moses in Egypt</i>	7
<i>The Great Surrender</i>	9
<i>Life's Supreme Test</i>	12
<i>The Bush on Fire</i>	15
<i>Only a Rod, and—God</i>	17
<i>Compensation for Sacrifice</i>	19
<i>The Raising of Dorcas</i>	20
<i>The Spare Room Bed</i>	25
<i>Plod</i>	26
<i>That Charley McCabe</i>	29
<i>The Ark of God on a New Cart</i>	34
<i>"All Hail"</i>	38
<i>Taking the Collection</i>	40
<i>Mother's Old Hymn</i>	43
<i>The Master's Way</i>	44
<i>Toil and Toll</i>	45
<i>The Illumined Home</i>	46
<i>Self</i>	46
<i>Self Sacrifice</i>	47
<i>A Labor Song</i>	47
<i>The Day is at Hand</i>	48
<i>Sun and Rain</i>	48







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384

Poetry (American)

140

141





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1911

Thy gospel preached by her loving deeds,
And the poor of the city are sore distress'd
Because thou hast taken her home to rest.
We have thousands left who will face the stake,
The rack and the prison for Thy Name's sake,
But nobody comes her place to fill—
O, send her back, if it be Thy will."

Then the Master turned as He heard the prayer,
And beckoned to one of His children there;
And forth she came, with obedience sweet,
All robed and crowned, to the Master's feet.

He told her the burden of Peter's plea,
How the widows were weeping bitterly,
In the city of Joppa, far away,
And Peter was kneeling beside her clay
Till the answer came—could she forego
The joys of the heavenly life, and show
Her love for God with as sweet a grace
As she sang His praise in the heavenly place?
Pass out from the song and the fadeless bloom
To her lowly task in a narrow room?
With never a sigh for the glory fled,
As she worked again with needle and thread?
Swift as the lightning flies through heaven,
Was the purpose formed, and the answer given.
To work for the love of the Lord below;
To sit in a desolate room and sew
The seams of a coat, that an orphan lad
Might leap for joy, and be better clad,
To her royal heart seemed a nobler thing
Than to stand up there by the throne and sing.
Serving the Lord with a needle and thread,
Stitching away till her fingers bled,
That a widow's heart for a garment given
Might turn with praise to the Lord in heaven,

Filled her soul with a richer melody
Than the harpers make on the Jasper sea.
And this is the kind of religion we need,
Enshrining itself in a loving deed,
Counting it better to serve the least
Than to sit a guest at a royal feast.

Then the wondrous news through the city sped,
That she who had wrought with the needle and
thread,
Had left the Paradise of the Blest—
Its cloudless skies and its vales of rest,
Deeming it nobler to carry an alms,
To a suffering soul, than to sing high psalms,
With a harp of gold, in a grove of palms.
And the heavens rang with a glorious strain,
That the love of the Lamb for sinners slain,
Did such an abounding glory shed,
That a lowly worker with needle and thread
Could sit in a narrow room and sew
A coat for a child, and never know
Her heart had a single pleasure lost—
Though her soul had over the river cross'd,
Though her feet the heavenly floors had trod,
And her eyes had looked on the glory of God.
So Peter knew that his prayer was heard;
The motion of wings the still air stirred,
And the odor of heaven's unfading bloom
Swept suddenly into the narrow room,
A flush to the face of the sleeper came—
He sprang to his feet and called her name!
She answered with outstretched hand, and rose
As one who had taken a sweet repose.
And the people paused in the streets that day:
Not a ship weighed anchor or sailed away,
For the news through the city of Joppa sped

That the power of God had raised from the dead
A lowly worker with needle and thread.

To the valley of death the kings go down,
And never come back to the throne or crown;
Apostles, martyrs, a glorious band,
Return not again from the Silent Land.
The masters of speech, the singers sublime,
Are only once heard in the forum of Time;
The favored of fortune, the noble by birth
Leave once and forever their places on earth.
Not even great Paul can come back to write,
For the churches he loved, a letter of light,
But a lowly woman in Joppa plies
Her needle and thread for the poor, and dies,
And she, out of all that adorable train,
Was needed to live her life over again.
Her voice was not heard in the chorus of song;
Her form was not seen in the world-ruling throng.
Had she *one* tender tie that sweetened her life?
Had she sister or friend? Was she loved as a wife?
Her death stirred no ripple on life's flowing tide,
A few humble women were sorry she died,
And all that remained to speak for the dead,
Was a little love-labor with needle and thread.
But He who beholds all the secrets of thought
Had measured the spirit in which she had wrought;
The love-woven garments of Dorcas appeared
The costliest monument mortal had reared.

The work of the sculptor shall suffer decay,
The tints of the painter will vanish away,
O'er temple and palace wild ruin shall spread,
But the work of this woman with needle and thread
Shall shine when the stars drop out of the sky
As something too beautiful ever to die.

THE SPARE-ROOM BED

If anything can fill a soul with gloom
It is the memory of that best spare room,
Set in the north side of the house, its name
Sends even now a cold chill through one's frame.
The odor of antiquity pervades
Its furnishings and air; the window shades
Are closed against the sun, lest it should spoil
The bright rag-carpet, wrought with so much toil.
The linen on the bed is white as snow,
But in the musty mattress down below
Malarial germs are slumbering, fevers, chills,
The breeders of innumerable ills,
And when the Parson calls, from home afar,
He has that room. How kind some people are!
About an hour before he must retire
On some sharp winter night, they light the fire,
Make everything about it warm and nice,
Just warm enough, you know, to melt the ice,
Moisten the pillows, bring the frost up through
The sheets—that seem baptized with heavy dew.
And all night long the Parson tries to sleep
Feeling the cold chills start and slowly creep
All through his frame, wondering, benumbed and
chill'd,
How many ministers that bed has killed.
A best spare bed room, on the cold north side,
The household treasure and the family pride,—
Whatever else the Parson may endure—
Will leave a wound no medicine can cure,
And on his tomb with truth it might be said:—
“He died a martyr to the Spare-Room Bed.”

PLOD

Of the wise and holy Maker, of the good and gracious God,
Men can ask few higher blessings than the power and grit to plod.
Showy gift may be attractive, glibly talk of "going to do,"
But it takes the solid lifting of old Plod to "put her through."
He is mightier than all genius, greater than all boasted skill,
Having for his inspiration an indomitable will.
Genius is a passing meteor—Plod, a never-setting sun,
Where all else hath failed and fainted, Plod has just gone in and won.
He hath reared the mighty cities, with a strength God-like, sublime,
Made a highway for the nations through the ancient hills of time.

He hath made the lightning serve him, counted stars and measured space,
Wealth and genius fairly beaten in the middle of life's race.
Hard to rouse, and slow to action but, when Plod once says, "I will,"
He is just as sure to do it as the lightning is to kill.
He was busy at the building of the pyramids of old,
And though kings sought deathless mention 'tis of Plod their tale is told.
Never yet hath wond'ring pilgrim 'neath their gloomy shadows trod,
Without feeling and believing the omnipotence of Plod.

He hath yet beheld no mountain where his flag he
dared not plant,
Just because he didn't whimper, and sit down,
and say "I can't."

In those days of sober plodding, thirty, forty years
ago,
We had more of solid progress, less of tinsel and of
show.
Our old mothers taught their daughters how to
scrub, sew, churn and bake,
How to take a hand in haying, on the load or at the
rake,
Milk and drive the cows to pasture, catch and har-
ness up old Bill,
Crack the whip and take the produce to the market
or the mill.
Never smarter, wittier lasses traded at the coun-
try store,
And they more than matched the saucy, smooth-
tongued peddlers at the door.
Handsomer they were and nobler in the neat and
simple dress,
Than the modern lady strutting in a ruffled wilder-
ness.

They would rather go to meeting, sitting with a
happy smile,
In the old pung, cracked and broken, than to go in
debt for style.
Not a dollar would they squander, not an extra rib-
bon get,
Till the parlor had been furnished and the farm was
out of debt.
They'd have scorned the thought of sitting, dressed
in frills and boughten curls

While the house was run to ruin by a pack of hired
girls;
Or, to be accomplished ladies, make the organ squeal
and moan
While the old folks, late and early, worked their
fingers to the bone.
Yet with all this sober plodding, nature had few
richer charms
Than she gave the happy maidens on the grand
New England farms.
But this age of great inventions, deeper thought
and clearer light,
Has produced a patent lady, and dame Fashion holds
the right.

Not content with sober plodding, tired of loafing
and unrest,
Half the boys are taking tickets for the prairies of
the West,
And they need but small persuasion to pull up their
stakes and go
To where nature yields a harvest if she's tickled with
a hoe,
But I've somehow got the notion that a lad with
prospects fair,
Failing in New England valleys is a failure any-
where;
He may have the mildest climate, he may have the
richest sod,
But it just amounts to nothing if he hasn't got the
plod.
It may be the age is giving birth to more enlightened
views,
But it doesn't do to farm it in a pair of patent shoes!
And it simply stands to reason that a man can't till
the ground,
If one-half the time he's loafing, and the other—rid-
ing round.

Barns well shingled, thriving cattle, stoneless acres
rich and broad,
Come from nothing else, believe me, but the steady,
sober plod.
Plod can bring back for this nation solid wealth to
farm and mart,
Lay a cool hand on the throbings of her worldly,
restless heart,
Give contentment, raise the people, make them great
as they are free,
Lead her on with thoughtful courage to her glorious
destiny.

THAT CHARLEY McCABE,*

OR

WHAT AN OLD METHODIST SAID TO HER HUSBAND

Before the Missionary Meeting

So you go to the meeting, John, do you, to-night?
Go with you? of course; foreign missions are right:
But the home claims are many remember that,
John,
Or the first we shall know every dollar has gone.
There's the Preacher, and Elder, and Bishops, and
all,
Oh, you think you wont give, or your gift will be
small?
Look out for your wallet, hold on to it tight;
For its Charley McCabe, who'll be speakin' to-
night;

*This will bring to the memory of many the mar-
velous work of Chaplain McCabe, when Mission-
ary Secretary.

He is raisin' a million for missions this year,
And whatever else fails, this will have to occur.
When he speaks of the heathen away from the fold
He will loosen your grip on the last piece of gold.
Laugh away, if you will, its a very good plan,
To get in a laugh, John, whenever you can,
But, to-night, after service, if you are not poor
Your Mary's no kind of a prophet, that's sure;
For I've been in a meetin' that gave all its pelf
To this Charley McCabe, and then mortgaged itself,
Seen the stingiest brother the Lord ever made,
Who was death to a meetin' whenever he prayed,
After twistin' and wigglin' with "yes" and with
"no,"

In a flood of delight let his last dollar go.
This givin' a mite for the plate to move on,
Will not do for McCabe, not a bit of it, John;
He is none of your little meek "Conference Supplies."
But a whole board of Bishops boiled down to his
size.

Punched quarters devoutly passed into a hat—
Wont be taken to-night, and I'm thankful for that!
Put a roll of big bills in my bag on the wall,
Or that Charley McCabe will be gettin' them all.
Mind the cows, John, especiaaly old Brindle we'll
keep.

There's that nice speckled heifer, the flock of fine
sheep,
And that colt you've been raisin', the best in the
State,

Trots to-day without urgin' a two twenty gait,
We'll hold on to her when they're passin' the plate.
Why, Mary, the meetin's as cheap as a shout!
Yes, they let you in free, but you pay to go out,
For that Charley McCabe has the wizard-like knack
Of taking the coat straight off from your back.

At the Missionary Meeting

There, there, John's the man who's to speak and to sing;

And he looks every inch like the child of a king.
How the flashing black eyes of the creature survey
The meetin', to estimate what it can pay.
We hadn't no more than got into the pew
When his eyes rested on us, and looked us all through;

And the satisfied air on his face seemed to say:
"That's a hard mine to work, but I guess it'll pay."
He is off to the organ, now, that is his style,
He will sing like a seraph, shout glory and smile,
Till the ice in the heart of the meetin' is thawed,
And the stingiest brother makes out to applaud.
Sit still, John, sit still, he has only begun,
You will pay enough money before he has done.
When he sings the "Lost Chord" the "Trundle
Bed!" song,

And "Help Just a Little" you will see this vast throng

Start up to its feet in a moment and give
As freely as water runs down through a sieve.
He is well started now in his speech for the night;
And a perishing world looms up on his sight.
Its darkness and sorrow, its sin and its shame,
Stir his soul, till his words in a whirlwind of flame

Sweep over the throng! hearts tremble around;
Now the Cross he surveys, and a silence profound
Reigns over the house, as with tear flooded eyes
All look on the face of the Lord as He dies.
Now he changes the scene, and the nations appear
Expectantly waiting that story to hear:
Their cry has gone up to the Lord on His throne
He is asking His church, His belov'd and His own,

To pour out her treasures, her silver and gold,
That the good news for all unto all may be told,
Got his hand on old Brindle, and pullin' like time
John, what are you doin', there, ain't that sublime?
"A million for missions: it's coming, all hail!"
He just needs old Brindle to fill up the pail.
He'll get the whole farm, sure as we are alive,
At Mission Rooms, Broadway, eight hundred and
five.

He is after that heifer, and winnin' the race!
Not the speckled one, John, with a star in her face?
Why, we lotted on her for the next cattle show,
She will take the first prize, O, we can't let her go!
But if Charley McCabe is on to her track.
You may settle it now she will never come back,
He is driving them sheep straight out of the field.
This will never do, John, shake him off, and don't
yield,

The meetin' you said, was as cheap as a shout,
John, didn't I tell you how things would come out?
If it goes on like this you may make up your mind,
That there wont be a horn or a hoof left behind
On that farm, and the sheep mustn't go anyhow!
They are leapin' the bars of my heart, Mary, now,
Why, we'd just got'em ready to load on the cars;
Well he's sung every fleece of them over the bars.
You are losin' your head, John, the first I shall know
You will give me for China, and tell me to go,
Then offer yourself as the right kind of man
To send to the Congo, or into Japan,
Reach out for your hat, let us push for the door;
But he's singin' again, we will hear him once more.
There!—never an angel with fair shinin' brow
Sung sweeter than Charley McCabe's singin' now.
He's a gettin' the colt! Is that so, John, hang on
To the lines and say "no" or your trotter is gone!

And yet you remember how once we denied
The Lord what he asked, and the thing up and died,
It will be so again, let her go, it does seem
The Lord never meant we should drive a fast team.
Who'd have thought that that colt with a two
twenty gait

Would have trotted square on to the missionary
plate.

But the meetin's a wreck, anyway; all its deeps
Are broken, convuls'd and sung up into heaps,
Men who loved money more than all else upon earth
Seem to lose all conception of what it is worth.
And the preachers, God bless 'em, earth's purest and
best,
Keep a givin' and givin' to lead on the rest.

After the Missionary Meeting

Well, the matter stands, John, I believe as you say,
We grow rich in proportion as we give away,
At the altar this morning you didn't just look
For the shortest of psalms to be found in the book,
Then lead us in prayer with your heart out of doors
And down at the barn lookin' after your chores;
But you took a long chapter, and read it all
through,
As though it was precious, delightful, and new.
Then you bowed down to pray, not a cold formal
prayer,
But you talked to the Lord just as though He was
there,
And lingered and poured out your heart at His
feet
As though it was something unspeakably sweet.
Last night you seemed throwin' the whole farm
away,
But you made an investment that's going to pay.
We have lived with our money locked, bolted and
barr'd,

But we've gone into partnership now with the Lord.
Our wealth none can borrow or plunder or spend,
We hold shares in a kingdom that never will end.
Let Charlie McCabe sing his songs through the
land,
We will pray for him John, and strengthen his
hand,
He found our ways narrow, and laid them out broad,
And has taught us the secret of living for God!

THE ARK OF GOD ON A NEW CART

"And they set the ark of God upon a new cart."
—2 Samuel 6:3

(Read before Woman's Foreign Missionary Society)

Sin stalked abroad with his poisonous breath,
And his flag of doom unfurled,
While the chariot wheels of the archer, Death,
Were echoing round the world:
But the priests, with the ark, stood far apart
From the world, in its despair,
So the Lord hath found Him a brand new cart,
The ark of His grace to bear—
The pure, strong love of a woman's heart,
With its wheels of Faith and Prayer.

It is made of wood in God's garden grown—
Deborah's zeal for the truth,
Fair Esther's pity and love for her own,
And grace from the heart of Ruth;
Repose, in the bosom of Mary found,
And service from Martha's hand,
The triumph of Miriam over the drowned,
All woman has been that's grand,
Well-seasoned, and matched, and together bound,
Will make a cart that shall stand.

For the might of the strong right arm of Jael,
The wife of the Kenite, blest,
Hath fastened it sure with the hammer and nail,
As she did the brow of her guest.
The Queen of Sheba, with wondering eyes,
And a woman's royal heart
For the panels rare stones and gold supplies,
All wrought in the finest art;
And swift the needle of Dorcas flies
To furnish the Lord's new cart.

Priscilla of Corinth rich tents has wrought
To shelter the ark at night;
And the five wise virgins, whose lamps failed not,
Shall guard it till morning light;
Brave Rizpah, who suffered no bird of air,
Or ravenous beast of prey
To feed on the flesh of her dead so fair,
Shall protect it night and day;
While she who the Risen One ran to declare,
Shall run and prepare the way.

Not a hand to steady the ark we need,
Though the oxen shake it sore;
It is moving abroad with a swifter speed
Than it ever knew before;
For a woman's zeal no power can thwart,
She waits through the dark for dawn,
The love and the faith of her simple heart
Bear fruit when the summer's gone;
And the Lord hath got this kind of a cart,
And His ark is set thereon.

God's love in the world's great mother-soul,
With a faith His word inspires,
Her lips touched anew with a glowing coal
From His quenchless altar fires,
All her nature laid as an offering free

For use as the Lord deems best,
Shall stir in the nations, from sea to sea,
A yearning for heavenly rest,
Till the young world climbs to her mother-knee,
To be nourished at her breast.

Come, clear out the stones from the king's highway,
Ye sons of the priesthood, strong,
For the ark of the Lord brooks no delay,
And his cart must pass along;
Let the boards of missions new schemes evolve,
That the world may Jesus know;
Let committees meet and resolve, resolve,
It is right they should do so;
But the Lord of hosts shall the problem solve—
He's got a cart that will go!

It is pressing its way to the distant shores
With a gospel grand and new,
And the golden gates, everlasting doors,
Are lifted, to let it through;
At the ceaseless roll of its wheels the seas
To their deepest soundings part,
While the giant hills of the centuries,
Like the morning clouds depart.
O, grand and eternal the victories
God wins through a woman's heart.

We follow the pillar of cloud by day,
The pillar of fire by night:
They spread through the enemy's camp dismay,
But they give us strength and light.
Sweet palms abound through the desert lone,
And over the desert sand
A cooling shade from a rock is thrown—
The shadow of God's own hand;

While the sweet, fresh winds from the uplands
blown,
Make music through the land.

And never again shall the ark be laid
With Abinadab to rest,
Or pause, through a breach upon Uzzah made,
To be Obededom's guest.
For the Macedonians send their appeals,
And the answers they are few,
So the women of God have put their seals
To the work He bids them do;
And the ark of the Lord is set on the wheels
Of a cart that will take it through.

O'er the way we have passed are blessings strewn;
Thickly as stars through the sky;
We must offer to all heaven's greatest boon,
Nor would pass one sinner by.
Right nobly the oxen breast unto breast
Move on with their precious freight,
But—they weary grow, and they needs must rest,
For the hour is growing late—
Give relays of horse! the fleetest, the best!
Just pass the collection plate!

Let us give to the Lord as He hath given,
In a grand, full-handed way,
He giveth the son of His love, and heaven,
Let us give our gold to-day;
The heathen shall know that a Saviour died,
To His blessed Cross be drawn;
Time sinks to the verge of its eventide,
Full soon will the morning dawn—
But the world is lost; and the world is wide;
Let the ark of God move on.

"ALL HAIL!"

*Poem of Welcome to the New England Branch of
the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society*

It was early in the morning that the women sought
the tomb,
Bringing spices for the Master, richly laden with
perfume.
They would wrap the Sacred Body, which the spikes
had pierced through,
With the soothing, healing spices—that was all
that love could do.
And their eyes were dim with weeping, and their
hearts were heavy, sore;
He who loved them and had blessed them—they
would hear his voice no more.

But an angel had descended, took the massive stone
that lay,
Sealed, before the Master's chamber, and had rolled
it far away.
And a living Saviour met them, walking through
death's mystic veil,
And they heard His salutation ringing sweet and
clear: "All Hail!"
They would know that voice of voices, there, or
through the heavens broad,
It was filled with all the music of the pitying heart
of God.
When they heard it last its accents on their hearts
with anguish fell,
Now it comes, "All Hail!" saluting, and command-
ing them, "Go, tell!"

Then they bowed low in His presence, rose, and
on their mission sped,

Telling everywhere the story: "He is living who
was dead."
And through woman's heart forever, until time it-
self shall fail,
Will the echoes still be ringing of that first divine:
"All Hail!"
And her great world-wide commission from the
Master's own lips fell,
In the garden that sweet morning in those magic
words: "Go, tell!"
Well He knew, who all our wondrous human na-
ture understood,
He could trust this world-wide mission to the
heart of womanhood;
That her faith would never falter, that her hope
would never fail,
Or one accent be forgotten of His beautiful "All
Hail!"

So upon her splendid mission from the garden, on
that day,
Hearing clear, "Go, tell the story," she has gone
far, far away,
Through the heathen lands of sorrow, where the
faithless temples rise
To the gods that have no pity in their darkened,
stony eyes.
Well the message of the Master she, in sacrifice, has
borne,
To the multitudes in darkness, to the hearts that
helpless mourn,
Till the eastern skies, long-shadowed, are with
morning light afame,
Through the mission of the women in the blessed
Master's name.

As they meet in this convention, telling o'er their
wondrous tale,
We salute them with the Saviour's Easter morning,
glad "All Hail!"
All our doors are open swinging, all our hearts a
welcome beat
To the messengers of mercy that around our altars
meet.
Stir us, womanhood devoted to the saving of the
race,
With a vision of the glory of the wondrous day of
grace,
For the angel of sweet sympathy has rolled all
stones away,
And we give the Master's greeting, His divine "All
Hail!" to-day.
Then, to speed them in the future, may the golden
gates uplift,
And the everlasting doors before their coming back-
ward drift,
And the King of Glory enter the last realm held by
His foes,
With sweet womanhood attending and acclaiming
as He goes.

TAKING THE COLLECTION

I was taking my collection for the Foreign Mission
work,
And, believing it the practice on the part of some to
shirk
From the clearest Christian duty, leaving others to
sustain
The sublimest work of ages,—in my preaching and
was plain,
Rather personal in places, and, as people sometimes
say,

Struck out squarely from the shoulder in the good old-fashioned way.
There was restlessness and motion, quite unusual, in the pews,
Women re-arranged their bonnets, men had trouble with their shoes.
In the gallery all around me there was one continual stir,
And a large amount of coughing for that season of the year.
This but acted as a challenge on a nature such as mine,
So I rose to the occasion, hewing closer to the line.
Uncle Ben, as was his custom, gave the sermon earnest heed,
But his face wore some expressions that were difficult to read.
I discoursed upon the subject, argued, scolded for an hour,
And pronounced a peroration of considerable power,
The collection was my first one, and I naturally believed
It would reach a handsome figure: I was thoroughly deceived.
When the ushers gave the total, they both said, with solemn face,
That it was the smallest offering ever taken in that place.
Full of weariness, reflecting on the selfishness of men,
I went early Monday morning up to talk with Uncle Ben.
He was milking, and I asked him what the bottom reason was
That the people gave so little to the Foreign Mission cause:

"Try your hand at milking, parson," Uncle Ben
said, with a smile,
"Take this Jersey," and I sat down well pleased
to make a trial.
Going at the business roughly, like a novice, pull,
tug, pound,
And that heifer in a moment laid me flat out on the
ground;
"Whoa there, Bessie: Jump up parson: ain't hurt
much: I'll brush your coat:
Here's your hat;" he said. I swallowed something
rising in my throat.
Then he sat beside that Jersey, humming some old-
fashioned air,
Milking, humming, and the creature stood and never
stirr'd a hair.
"Well," I said, regaining slowly calmness and a
sweeter mood,
"Who would dream to see that heifer she would
ever act so rude."
Uncle Ben looked up and whispered, "Its a curious
kind of trick
How to get the milk out from her, and not have the
creature kick.
Learn the lesson, parson, clearly, learn it here and
learn it now,
You must touch a congregation gently as I touch
this cow:
Lay your hand upon the people with a stroke as soft
as silk,
And you'll fill the plates with money as I fill the
pail with milk."

MOTHER'S OLD HYMN

Through the trembling veil of the twilight dim
I can hear the strain of that grand old hymn,
Which mother, whose heart is now still and cold,
Sang amidst her cares in the days of old.

When the cross was heavy, and hard to bear,
When in spite of reason, and faith and prayer,
The scalding tears filled her eyes to the brim,
She would chant a strain of that grand old hymn.

The pathos that saddens the psalm of seas,
With the joy of the springtime's melodies,
And the triumph of choirings seraphim,
Alternately flowed through mother's old hymn.

No master of song had attuned her tongue,
But her heart went out in the hymn she sung,
And it changed with light the cloudy days,
The water of grief to the wine of praise.

There was something about it to woo and win
The wanderer back from the paths of sin,
And the careless believer rose to trim
The lamp in his soul, when he heard that hymn.

There was something about it, undefined,
That charmed into quiet the troubled mind,
O'er the cold heart breathed with a spirit bland,
Like a warm South wind o'er a frozen land.

And crowning it all, was a strange, deep chord,
Like the throb of the heart of the blessed Lord,
That shed through the fainting soul abroad
A sense of the pitying love of God.

The songs of the singers that fame has crowned,
In the flood of the years are lost and drowned,
But mother's old hymn, every pause and tone,
With the growth of time has the sweeter grown.

If care comes in with the face of a foe,
Or a friend turns round and deals me a blow,
Or my heart is sick, and weary each limb,
There's nothing can soothe like mother's old hymn.

When the days come freighted with naught but ill,
And my failures weaken my strength of will,
At the sound of mother's old hymn there springs
The purpose and courage for nobler things.

We know not the music that spirits hear,
As earth is receding, and heaven draws near,
But treading death's valley of shadows dim,
I ask but to hear my mother's old hymn.

THE MASTER'S WAY

From age to age the sanded feet
 Of Christ have downward trod,
And men have heard his great heart beat
 And longed to be like God.

To mountain bases He has passed,
 From heights, where glory rolls,
And with a word of power cast
 The demons from men's souls.

"The Church has failed the demon leaps,
 And tears the world," you say?
Then Christ is stepping down the steeps—
 He's coming now this way.

TOIL AND TOLL

That gold is the brightest our labor has won,
Through beating of storm and through blinding of
sun.

The island we found in the ocean of thought
Lies fruitful and fair as no other is wrought;

And never a palace so brilliantly shone
As the two-storied house we moulded in stone,

God cursed us in kindness that we might know how
The sweet of the bread was the sweat of the brow.

To him who first hailed it, with rapture divine,
The star will forever most splendidly shine,

And dearer than others the Shepherd will hold
The lost sheep He found and brought back to the
fold.

Not the harvest of grain from the field of the Lord,
But the sheaf we have in it, will be our reward,

And the richest delight Heaven's music can bring
Will come from the voices we taught how to sing.

Our part in the King's everlasting renown
Is the light of the stars we set in His crown;

And all that the heavens will yield us of worth
Is what we take into them out of the earth.

THE ILLUMINED HOME

"All the Children of Israel had Light in Their dwellings." —Ex. 10:23

Home, with all its silent forces,
 Holy loves, and longings great,
Guides the nations in their courses,
 Makes or mars the growing State.

Stands a nation high in glory,
 Ask her how she grew so fair!
And the answer is this story—
 The illumined Home is there

What though chains of wrong have bound us,
 By the cradle stands the throne,
And the illumined homes around us
 Show that God is with His own.

Party powers may lord it o'er us,
 Gold a passing triumph gain,
In the good time just before us
 The illumined home shall reign.

Trim the lamps, and set them glowing
 In the windows through the night,
Out of Egypt we are going
 To the promised land of light.

SELF

I love to walk on sunny heights,
 With opening heavens above,
And taste of God's supreme delights,
 Transfigured by His love.

SELF SACRIFICE

I love to walk when Hope departs,
And Grief her shroud unrolls,
To bind up broken, bleeding hearts,
And comfort sorrowing souls.

A LABOR SONG

We cannot reach the heights afar,
All patient toil declining;
The richest gems deep buried are,
Reached only after mining.

The perfect song, immortal, grand,
Meeting each age to win it,
Came forth at no light heart's command,
The singer's soul was in it.

After long toil from out the stone
The angel form comes leaping!
The seed in tears must first be sown,
And then the splendid reaping.

The wintry winds the gardens smite,
All beauty's wealth consuming
To give birth to the lilies white
And set the roses blooming.

The Cross on which our souls repose
In faith that fails us never,
Out of a broken heart uprose,
A thing divine forever.

"My Father worketh hitherto,
And I work" is Christ's saying,
For finished worlds, and souls made new,
The price of labor paying.

THE DAY IS AT HAND

In darkness we rallied as party and tribe,
Nor heard the great heart of humanity beat,
Nor heeded the voice of the Christ, low and
sweet,
Midst flaming anathema, shibboleth, gibē—
As one in the light of the morning we meet.
God's pity upon us! How much we have erred!
How blindly we rushed to the thick of the fight,
And wounded our brother: we fought in the night;
And men have been slain for the sake of a word
They spoke in the dark, that was meant for the
light.
The night is far spent, the day is at hand,
When down from the well-rounded form of the
creed
Shall sweep the white robe of the merciful deed,
And over the desolate fields of the land
The sower of kindness shall scatter his seed.
In quest of the truth moves the vanguard of souls;
The myths of the ages are melting away
Before the calm gaze of the heart searching day.
On temple and altar, on time honored scrolls,
The light trembles down. Let us praise; Let us
pray.

SUN AND RAIN

The sun worked all alone each day;
The rain stayed far, and far away;
Then there was trouble everywhere—
The fields were scorched, the hills were bare.
To mould the grass, the flower, the grain,
There must be sun, there must be rain.

What tasks are waiting to be done!
If Faith is rain, then Work is sun,

And one alone can never do
The deed that calls aloud for two.
O'er all the fields of thought and grain
There must be sun, there must be rain.

Man seems sufficient for his hour!
What gifts are his, what genius, power;
But where the harvests he has grown,
Or empires he has shaped, alone?
He works with God, or works in vain;
There must be sun, there must be rain.

THE DEVIL

Men don't believe in a Devil now, as their fathers
used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to
let his Majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery
dart from his bow
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world
has voted so.

They say he does not go about as a roaring lion
now,
But whom shall we hold responsible for the ever-
lasting row
To be heard in home, in church and State, to the
earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to
be found?

Who is it mixing the fatal draught that palsies
heart and brain?
Who loads the bier of each passing year with ten
hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the
fiery breath of hell,

If the devil isn't, and never was, won't somebody
rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling Saint, and digs
the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the fields of Time wherever
God sows his wheat?
The devil was voted not to be, and, of course, the
thing is true,
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil
alone should do?

Won't somebody step to the front, forthwith, and
make their bow, and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring
up, we want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and, of course,
the Devil's gone,
But simple people would like to know who carries
his business on.

THE SINGING PROPHET

There may come a day like summer, full of Life's
impassioned thrills,
When the ice is in the valleys, and the snow is on
the hills;
In their hives, securely sheltered, wait the cau-
tious honey bees,
Till they hear the robins singing, swinging in the
maple trees.

From the South the winds may wander, warm and
wooing, on their way,
Breathing tones in April weather with the tender-
ness of May,
But the orchards will not waken, not a bud the
sunshine sees,

Till the robins have been singing, swinging in the
maple trees.

In the folds the sheep tread restless to and fro
the barren floors,
With a bleating for the pastures, and the joy of
out-of-doors,
And the cattle stalled all winter chafe in stan-
chions, ill at ease,
When they hear the robins singing, swinging in the
maple trees.

Then the sportsman thinks of rifle, fishing outfit,
laid away,
And his dog makes truant visits to the hunting
grounds each day.
Then the Spring flowers spread their blossoms to
the sunshine and the breeze,
When they hear the robin singing, swinging in the
maple trees.

There are prophets that deceive us, who pretend to
know each sign
On the book of nature written, when they cannot
read a line,
But we know the Spring is near us, when we hear
the melodies
Of the happy robins singing, swinging in the maple
trees.

A GREEN MOUNTAIN SONG

Here's a song of our Green Mountains,
Fair, and loved, and honored State,
Of her valleys and her fountains,
And her sons who made her great.
Bright will shine her deeds in story,

Evermore her fame will ring;
Covered is her flag with glory
And her praises will we sing.

Small she is—a bird can cross her,
Without pausing in its flight,
But she has a compensation—
Her material, moral height;
Standing up amidst the nation
As once stood the kingly Saul,
In the presence of the people,
Head and shoulders over all.
Greece was small, and so was Britain,
But they rose to sovereign sway
As Vermont has slowly risen
To the place she holds to-day.

In the Senate she has spoken,
Still is speaking, and her word,
Calm, majestic, full of wisdom,
Carries weight whenever heard.
On the bench and in the market
Pure as flame her actions glow,
And what battle-field beheld her
Turn her back upon the foe?
For the nation knows that ever
In the day of blood and tears
She can count upon the valor
Of her hardy mountaineers,
That, in answer to the bugle,
Forth from mountain and from glen
Will be marching to the battle
Fifty thousand armed men,
As they marched, well, all men know it,
For this fact in history shines,
That Vermont is good at plowing
Stony lands or rebel lines.
Sound the bugle, she will hear it,

And awake to mighty deeds;
Lift the banner, she will cheer it,
And then follow where it leads.

It's the best State in the Union
For the cure of that distress
Which a sight of people die of,
Known as chronic laziness.
For her Summer is too fleeting
For a man to sit at ease,
And her Winter such a wild one
That he's bound to work or freeze.
Stamped upon her vales and mountains,
Clearly seen by every eye,
Are these words of solemn import:
"You must either dig or die!"

Was there ever breathed from organ,
Or rehearsed in poet's lines
Any music like the sighing
Of her winds among her pines?
Any strain by spirit chanted
Though a night of happy dreams
That surpassed the measures woven
By the flowing of her streams?
There's the spirit of contentment
In the lowing of her herds;
There's a thrill of magic rapture
In the singing of her birds,
And sublime as shout of victors,
When their foes, defeated, fly,
Is the answer of her mountains
To the thunders of the sky.

Was there ever laid on canvas,
For the love of fame or gold,
Hues like those which clothe her maples
When the year is growing old?

Softer lights, and richer shadows
 Float before her children's eyes,
Than have swept the wolds and waters,
 Underneath Italian skies.
Who shall paint her mountains rising
 Up like towers to greet the sun,
Or the streams that from their summits
 To their bases leap and run?
Who shall tell the strange enchantment
 Of her resurrection hours,
When the Springtime rises o'er her,
 Changing snow drifts into flowers?
When the woods, all bare at sunset,
 Greet the morning's tender dawn,
Like a troop of pleasure seekers
 With their Summer garments on?
Angels drifting to her valleys
 Ere the Indian Summer dies
Might still dream that they were moving
 In the midst of Paradise.

Horses? Well, trot out that Morgan,
 Hitch her up and clear the way;
See that gait! she'll keep it steady
 Through the longest Summer day,
Swing a buggy o'er the mountains,
 Lines drawn tight, or lying slack,
Turn at nightfall to the stable,
 Not a wet hair on her back.
Little, is she? Well, each finely
 Moulded, supple, nervous limb,
It just like the State that raised her,
 Crowded full of go and vim;
And it's safe to say, for traveling
 Over these delightful hills,
Nothing better than the Morgan
 Ever stood between two thills.

Maple sugar? she supplies it
For the East and Western home,
Sweeter than the nectar hidden
In the purest honey comb.
Oh, the tinkle of the dropping
Of the sap into the pails!
Was there ever such fantastic
Music borne upon the gales,
Was there ever sight more jolly
Seen by mortals here below
Than a group of lads and lasses
Eating sugar upon snow?

There's her butter—just look at it!
Yellow as her goldenrod;
Colored? Yes, with colors nature
Mixed up with her virgin sod.
Bring that Jersey—milk a pailful,
And the cream at once will rise,
To the surface, rich and yellow,
While you look, before your eyes.
Then, the women are such marvels,
Made of such superior parts,
That the butter, when they touch it,
Takes the flavor of their hearts;
Every time they turn it over,
Kneed it up, or toss it round,
Something seems to make it worth
Another cent or two a pound.
See it ready for the market,
Wrapped in snow-white linen bands,
And you'll say that it was moulded
By the daintiest of hands.

Freedom's soul is in the sighing
Of her pines o'er mountains green,
And the smile of peace is lying

On her vales that sweep between.
Soft the skies that bend above her,
Dear the homes that round her cling:
Old Vermont we love, we love her,
And her praises will we sing.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE

The eagle came out of his shell at a tap from Washington's sword,
When the banner of old King George down at Yorktown had been lowered.
He was pin-feathered, downy, rude, and his head was bald as a bell—
Just the queerest of looking birds that ever came out of a shell.
He looked up at the sun, nor blinked, glanced at North, South, East and West,
While the wind from all quarters came and played with the down on his breast.
George Washington said:—"He is strong!" Patrick Henry said:—"He is game!"
Then Jefferson wrote out his rights, and he signed the eagle's name.

How the old world laughed when it heard, that away in the Western clime,
A Republican breed of bird had stepped out from the shell of Time.
Some said:—"Let us clip his broad wings!" but others said:—"Let him alone,
For what is a land without kings, and a nation without a throne?"
But all were agreed he may fly till a few troubled years have run,
And then he will sicken and die as birds of that breed have done.

Yet the wisest of prophets may err, as prophets
have erred before,
For that bird is not only alive, but is just begin-
ning to soar.

On a later day in the South rose a bird of another
breed,
With wings that were black as the night; and a
scream to all discord keyed.
Then the bird from the Union nest answered back
from his eyrie high:
“One eagle, unchallenged, alone, shall over this
continent fly!”
They met where the storm winds blew; they bat-
tled like fiendish things;
And the land was darkened four years with the
shadow of eagles’ wings.
Then the victor alone was seen, perched above the
stripes and stars,
In his talons and beak two wings, and some shreds
of a flag with bars.

As he sat on a rock one day, and heard the boom-
ing of guns,
He said:—“In Manila Bay is one of my Green
Mountain sons,
George Dewey, just hammering holes into Spain’s
old-fashioned fleet!”—
Then the fire leaped out of his eye, and his heart had
a swifter beat—
Up he rose on his broad, brave wings, took a circle
or two in the height,
Then away over seas sailed he, the American eagle
in flight,—
Paused above the Philippines and screamed:
“Hold everything, George, you can get!”
And the captain saluted and answered, the Green
Mountain way:—“You bet!”

If the Old World knows what is best it will let that
eagle alone,
And it won't throw stones at his nest,—the stars
and stripes he has flown,—
Or ruffle his feathers the least, for a strange fire
glints in his eye,
And his talons are tipped with steel, and that eagle
is bound to fly.

UNCLE BEN

Uncle Ben, I met him early in my pastoral pur-
suits,
Typical Vermonter, standing straight, and six feet
out of boots.
I was thirty, he was eighty, but this single sign
appeared
Of Time's wasting work—the whiteness of his
flowing locks and beard.
At the close of my first sermon, with a friendly
hand and smile,
By the altar rails he met me, led me down the
center aisle,
Introduced me to the people, praised the pastors
gone before,
Told me how and where to find him as we parted
at the door.
“Go up by the village school house, take the first
road to your right;
Keep on till you pass three houses, two are brown
and one is white.
When you reach the signboard standing just beyond
the waterbox,
Turn sharp to your left hand leaving on your right
a ledge of rocks;
Go straight down the hill, and follow, still your
left, a shady lane,

Leave a clearing on your right hand—there—I
guess I've made it plain.
Keep on through a sugar orchard, not the best of
roads, and then,
Right before you stands a farm house—I live there
—I'm Uncle Ben."
Going out I met my brother half-way through the
shady lane,
Leading at his side a Morgan, with his hand thrust
through her mane.
"Handsome horse, she's been," I ventured, after
greeting, to remark,
And his clear, blue eye responded in an instant
with a spark
Of electric fire, and, smiling, he said:—"Parson,
walk with me
To the pasture, just beyond us, then go home and
stop to tea."
I assented; then he gossiped: "This old creature's
name is Fan.
Morgan horses come the nearest in intelligence to
man.
I must tell you something, parson, since you kind
of like the mare,
What occurred one fall as I was driving out to
see our county fair.
Fan was trotting gently onward; I was taking in
the scene;
Nature never looked so lovely, never seemed so
sweet and clean.
Round the hills a purple splendor like an ocean
seemed to float,
And the maple groves stood wearing Joseph's many-
colored coat.
Presently a team o'ertook us, and I heard the driver
cry—
In a rude, sarcastic manner, "Now, old man, let us
go by!"

Looking round I saw two dudish, pert, young fellows, with a black,
High stepping, stylish creature, they could hardly hold him back.
I was just about to give them all they wanted of the way,
When "old fossil," said the other, "we can't take your dust to-day."
"Maybe not," I said: he answered, "We don't ride behind the heels
Of your old Green Mountain creepers, turn out, or off comes your wheels."
I looked back at those two dandies, and said, meekly:—"Is that so?"
Turned to Fan; took up the ribbons, uttered one short message—"Go!"
As the tiger bounds elated in the forest on the prey;
As the floods rush through the meadows when the milldam breaks away,
So this Morgan, bless her, straightened, at one bound, and struck a pace
That had heaps of business in it, and we settled down to race.
Road was full of teams and people, but they heard the noise and drew
Up against the wayside fences, making room to let us through.
How they cheered as we shot past them—women cheered as well as men—
I could hear their voices shouting—"Let her out!
Go, Uncle Ben!"
And I went. Fan understood it; took the bit right in her teeth
While the trees and fences round us, and the firm ground underneath

Flew behind us. Dogs were barking, geese were
cackling, fowls flew
High above the barnyard fences, dust in clouds
behind us blew.
That was traveling, parson, traveling; every buckle,
girth and strap
Seemed alive, Fan's neck extended, and her tail
laid in my lap.
Over hilltops, down through hollows, crossing
bridges with a bound,
And the wheels went so like lightning that they
hardly touched the ground.
Well, I'm most ashamed to tell it, but Fan went
at such a rate
That I thought it best to head her for the course,
straight through the gate,
And so calm her down and cool her, get her sobered,
well in hand,
But the horses were just starting as I reached the
judges' stand,
And the folks that 'tend the races had the biggest
kind of show,
For the instant that the starter shouted out the mes-
sage—"Go!"
Fan was in it; couldn't stop her, and the jockeys
in their gigs
With their whips adorned with ribbons, in their
reg'lar racing rigs,
Whipped and shouted, but, no matter, I was lead-
ing with the mare
That had never struck a hoof upon a race course
at a Fair.
Don't believe in racing, parson, never did, but this
was one
Of the purest of surprises, and the people had the
fun.
There I was, old-fashioned buggy, old straw hat,
without a whip,

Leading round the whole procession at a clean two-twenty clip.
How the people cheered and shouted—"Go in hayseed: you'll win;"
And I went in; couldn't help it: Fan was going then like sin,
With that old Green Mountain Morgan, little cyclone sort of pace,
Its superlative abandon, and its fascinating grace.
But the jockeys entered protest, for they saw that they were beat.
I was not a reg'lar entry, and could trot no other heat.
I was glad of the conclusion, and proceeded to explain,
But the crowd broke into cheering, and the band struck up a strain;
So we left the course with honor, Fan and I, but, parson, just
Beyond the gate those dandies with a horse all foam and dust,
Limped beside us, and I raised my hat, and asked, in a cool way—
"How is business, boys, progressing, taking wheels off, this fine day?"
But they didn't seem to hear me; their attention had been led
To some interesting object,—they were looking straight ahead.
When they pass Green Mountain Morgans, with our sort of hills to climb,
They must get up pretty early, and be busy all the time.
Here's the pasture, parson, drop a bar down, two or three.
Thanks! Go, Fan! Just see her, parson; come home now, and stay to tea."

OBEDIENCE

Speak the word God bids thee,
No other word can reach
The hearts that wait in silence
The coming of thy speech.

Sing the song God bids thee,
The heart of this world-throng
Needs for its perfect solace
The music of thy song.

Do the work God bids thee;
One, only one still loom,
Awaits thy touch and tending
In all this lower room.

READING THE APPOINTMENTS

I was sitting in a wing-slip, close beside the altar-rail,
When the Bishop came in softly, with a face serene,
but pale,
And a silence indescribably pathetic in its power,
Such as might have reigned in Heaven through
that "space of half an hour,"
Rested on that whole assembly as the Bishop rose
and said:
"All the business being finished the appointments
will be read."
Not as one who handles lightly merchandise of lit-
tle worth,
But as dealing with the richest, most important
things on earth,
In the fellowship of Jesus, with the failings of a
man,—
The good Bishop asked forbearance,—he had done
his best to plan

For the glory of his Master, trusting Him to guide
his pen,
Without prejudice or favor—and the preachers
cried—"Amen."
"Beulah Mountains"—"Henry Singer"—happy peo-
ple, happy priest,
On the dainties of the gospel through the changing
year to feast,
Not a church trial ever vexed them, all their preach-
ers stay three years,
And depart amidst a tempest of the purest kind of
tears.
"Troubled Waters—Nathan Peaceful"—how that
saintly face grew red,
How the tears streamed through his fingers as he
held his swimming head,
But his wife stopped down and whispered—what
sweet message did she bear?
For he turned with face transfigured as upon some
mount of prayer.
Swift as thought in highest action, sorrow passed
and gladness came.
At some wondrous strain of music breaking forth
from Jesus' name.
"Holy Rapture," said the Bishop, "I have left to
be supplied,"
And I thought—you couldn't fill it Mr. Bishop, if
you tried.
For an angel duly transferred to this conference be-
low
Wouldn't know one half the wonders that those
blessed people know.
They would note some strain of discord though
he sang as Heaven sings,
And discover some shortcomings in the feathers of
his wings.
"Grand Endeavor—Jonas Laggard"—blessed be
the Lord, thought I.

They have put that Brother Laggard where he has
to work or die.
For the church at Grand Endeavor, with its energy
and prayer,
Will transform him to a hero or just drive him to
despair.
If his trumpet lacks the vigor of the gospel's charm-
ing sound
They will start a big revival and forget that he is
round.
"Union Furnace—Solon Trimmer"—what a Bishop
that must be!
They have got the kind of preachers who will suit
them to a T.
Metho.—Congo.—Baptist—Uni.—in one nature
blithe and bland.
Fire or water, hell or heaven, always ready on de-
mand.
"Consecration—Jacob Faithful"—hand in hand the
two will go.
Through the years before them bringing heavenly
life to earth below.
"Greenland Corners—Peter Wholesoul"—but he
lost his self-control,
Buttoned up his coat as if he felt a cold wind strike
his soul,
Saw the dreary path before him, drew a deep
breath, knit his brows,
Then concluded to be faithful to his ordination
vows.
In the front pew sat the fathers, hair as white as
driven snow—
As the Bishop read appointments they had filled
long years ago,
Tender memories rushed upon them, life revived in
heart and brain,
Till it seemed that they could travel their old cir-
cuits o'er again.

"Happy Haven—Joseph Restful"—how the joy
shone in his face
At the thought of being pastor for three years in
such a place!
"Hard-as-Ganite—Ephraim Smasher"—there the
stewards sat in a row,
And they didn't want that Smasher, and he didn't
want to go,
"Drowsy Hollow—Israel Wakim"—he is sent to
sow and reap
Where the congregations gather in the interests of
sleep.
As they sit on Sabbath mornings in their softly
cushioned pews
They begin to make arrangements for their regular
weekly snooze.
Through the prayer a dimness gathers over every
mortal eye:
Through the reading of the scriptures they begin
to droop and sigh;
In the hymn before the sermon, with its music
grand and sweet,
They put forth one mighty effort to be seen upon
their feet,
Then amidst the sermon throbbing with the gos-
pels sweetest sound,
They sink down in deepest slumber and are nodding
all around,
But I guess that Brother Wakim, on the first
bright Sabbath day,
When he preaches to that people, and is heard a
mile away,
Will defy both saint and sinner on a breast to lay
a chin
Till he strikes the strains of "lastly," and I'll war-
rant him to win,
For by all who ever heard him it is confidently
said

If 'twere possible to mortal he would wake the very dead.
Then a mist came o'er my vision, as the Bishop still read on,
And the veil that hides the future for a moment was withdrawn—
For I saw the world's Redeemer far above the Bishop stand,
On his head a crown of glory, and a long roll in his hand—
Round His throne a countless number of the ransomed, listening, pressed,—
He was stationing His preachers in the city of the Blest
Some whose names were most familiar, known and reverenced by all,
Went down to the smaller mansions back against the city wall.
One who took the poorest churches, miles away from crowds and cars,
Went up to a throne of splendor with a crown ablaze with stars.
How the angels sang to greet him, how the Master cried—"Well done"—
While the preacher blushed and wondered where he had such glory won.
Some whose speech on earth was simple, with no arguments but tears,
Nothing novel in their sermons for fastidious, itching ears,
Coldly welcomed by the churches, counted burdensome by all,
Went up to the royal mansions, and were neighbors to Saint Paul.
Soon the Master called a woman, only known here in the strife

By her quiet, gentle nature, though a famous preacher's wife,
Praised and blest her for the harvest she had garnered in the sky,
But she meekly turned and answered—" 'twas my husband, Lord, not I."
"Yes," the Master said, "his talents were as stars that glow and shine
But thy faith gave them their virtue, and the glory, child, is thine!"
Then a lame girl—I had known her—heard her name called with surprise,
There was trembling in her bosom, there was wonder in her eyes.
"I was nothing but a cripple, gleaned in no wide field, my King,
Only sat a silent sufferer 'neath the shadow of thy wing!"
"Thou hast been a mighty preacher, and the hearts of many stirred
To devotion by they patience without uttering a word;"
Said the Master, and the maiden to his side with wonder pressed—
Christ was stationing His preachers in the City of the Blest,
And the harp strings of the angels linked their names to sweetest praise
Whom the world has passed unnoticed in the blindness of its ways.
I was still intently gazing on that scene, beyond the stars,
When I saw the conference leaving and I started for the cars.

THE PAINTERS

A painter sat at his task one day,
And the picture grew apace;
I saw the lights and the shadows play
As he wrought upon his face;
For light and shadow, in strange accord,
Moved under his skillful touch;
He finished his task, and for reward
The people applauded much.

A Painter sits in the open space,
And He works day after day,
We cannot see if upon His face
The lights and the shadows play;
But, lo! at the touch of the brush of God.
The lights and the shadows meet;
And all the universe will applaud
When the picture is complete.

THE WOOING, WARNING CHRIST

The voice that comes across the sea,
The Master's voice from Galilee,
Oh, how it warns and how it woos,
Its accents heal, its accents bruise;
The wooing and the warning meet
To make the Master's word complete.

We hear Him woo with matchless grace,
But when we look Him in the face
"If thou wouldest my disciple be
Leave all," He cries, "and follow me."
He woos to warn, and warns to woo
A band of soldiers tried and true.

The desolating Winter moans
Through all the Master's magic tones;

Lay His most gracious message bare,
And, lo, the Cross is hiding there.
He offers Life, and the same breath
Is burdened with the dust of death.

A two-fold truth the Master tells—
Now he attracts, now He repels,
Dispensing gifts divine and free,
And then demanding poverty.
O, winsome Christ, how fair thou art!
O, sovereign searcher of the heart!

THE GOD OF ANOTHER CHANCE

A man named Peter stumbled bad,
Lost all the love he ever had,
Fouled his own soul's divinest spring,
Cursed, swore, and all that sort of thing;
He got another chance, and then
Reached the far goal of Godlike men.

Your boy goes wrong, the same as he
Who fed swine in the far country;
He seems beyond the utmost reach
Of hearts that pray, of lips that preach.
Give him another chance, and see
How beautiful his life may be.

Paul cast the young man, Mark, aside,
But Barnabas his metal tried,
Called out his courage, roused his vim,
And made a splendid man of him.
Then Paul, near death, longed for one glance
At Mark, who had another chance.

Far-fallen souls, rise up, advance,
... is the God of one more chance.

The trees have other summers yet,
New mornings follow suns that set.
And God's own son found on his way
Through Death, the new, fair Easter day.

EASTER HYMNS OF HOPE

I

"If it were not so, I would have told you."

We seem to walk the world alone,
Environed by strange mysteries,
And yet we hope to find our own
Beyond the hills, beyond the seas.

We cannot see Life's distant goals,
For veils of mist hang everywhere,
But there are longings in our souls,
And God himself hath set them there.

The signs of Nature plainly say,
And that divinest Book of all;
"We die to live again some day,
Or else we never die at all."

One came and went who gave no heed
To doubt and fear in angry strife:
He was Himself what we most need,
The Resurrection and the Life.

The grace of Love had made Him wise;
His speech had no uncertain tone;
There were no mists before His eyes;
He saw so far—He must have known.

For faithless eyes no light He shed;
He hushed the curious, awed the bold;

But told He not all when he said:
"Were it not so I would have told?"

II

"A young man sitting . . . clothed in a long, white garment."

A young man sitting in a tomb,
That is the last clear sign of death,
A flower of Hope, whose fadeless bloom
Sweetens the wide world with its breath.

A young man sitting clothed in white
Amidst the shadows dark and deep
Keeps watch throughout the brief, still night,
Where our beloved take their sleep.

Then death is but the border line
Dividing realms fair and more fair—
This is the meaning and the sign
Of strong young manhood sitting there.

The glow of youth is on his brow,
A fadeless lustre in his eyes,
He goes at morn—'tis breaking now—
Back with our own to Paradise

For where the Christ found brief repose
On the rough road to His high goal,
He left behind Him, when He rose,
The angel Hope, for every soul.

An angel in the tomb we dread!
This is the truth the vision brings:
Along the darkest paths we tread,
We find the sweetest, brightest things.

III

"The flowers appear on the earth . . . the time of the singing of birds is come."

I saw wise Nature bury deep
Her faded flowers, her shriveled leaves,
Refusing in her heart to keep
One thought of aught that pains or grieves.

She said: "Naught ends that is begun:"
Then stood, a weaver, at Life's loom,
And with the South wind and the sun
She blotted out the past with bloom.

She taught her birds their gladdest strain;
No sorrow lingered in her eyes;
While over all she arched again
The splendor of her summer skies.

The blight of winter lingered long;
His sepulchre was deep and wide;
She rose, and filled the world with song,
As though no flower had ever died.

And thus she holds the mellow tone
Of youth, through all the changing years:
Forgetting rude winds that have blown,
And making rainbows out of tears.

IV

"Except I see . . . I will not believe."

Friend Thomas, there are eyes that see
Far deeper than the eyes of sense:

To Love there is no mystery,
And Faith hath blessed recompense.

To see His hands, His feet, His side,
Who outward swung death's massive door,
To us, in these late days denied,
Gives but the joy of seeing more.

For souls that feel to-day His hand,
The healing of His wounded side,
And His sweet nearness understand,
Know that He surely lives who died.

Thanks, Thomas, for thine hour of doubt,
The firm demand to touch and see,
For we had been less sure without
The help that comes to us from thee.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Or, Secret Life the True Measure of Character

SCENE—The lonely road of eighteen miles between
Jerusalem and Jericho.

ACTORS—Four robbers, a Jew, Priest, Levite, Sa-
maritan.

Just what we do, unbiased, free,
Just what we are where none can see
On lonely paths we travel o'er,
Just that we are, and nothing more.
Our public acts the world may scan,
The secret life reveals the MAN.

Here, far away from man's abode,
Upon this lonely mountain road
Between two noble cities laid,

Men, as they are, will be displayed.
Above—Jerusalem; below—
The walls of ancient Jericho,
With eighteen miles of road between—
The wildest, loneliest ever seen,
As if the sea at some God-word
Had turned to stone and never stirr'd.

Four men, well dressed, are passing now;
They raise their hats, full low they bow:
Their forms such finished grace display,
Sons of some noble house are they.
Now far up on the rocky height
A lonely traveller comes in sight.
Slowly he threads his winding way;
His form is bent, his beard is grey,
The locks that o'er his shoulders flow
Are white as Hermon's driven snow.
Nearer he draws! a noble face,
Some patriarch of that favored race
Which gave the Christ; a wealthy Jew:
And on he passes from our view.

Hush! there's a cry! a wail! a shriek!
The strong are striking down the weak!
And there the victim from the rocks
Is struggling, sinking 'neath the shocks
Of brutal blows; he falls at last;
And lo! the well dressed men that passed
Have robbed the Jew in open day
And left him bleeding by the way.
A man may wear a fine black coat,
Salute you well, then cut your throat.
The biggest rascals in the land
Will move with manners the most bland;
And pious stories glibly tell:
They look like heaven, and act like—well,

A lonely place, no eyes about,
Will find that sort of people out.
Jerusalem and Jericho
The public life may read and know,
But on the lonely roads between
The measure of the soul is seen.

Here comes a Priest, a man of God,
With sympathies both deep and broad,
A love that knows nor race nor creed,
Call to him, Jew! he will give heed!
The moans which tell of thy distress,
The open wound, thy nakedness,
Will move the man that loves to pray—
Call to him, Jew, across the way.
Call louder! holy themes and high
Engage his thoughts. *He's passing by!*
Saw you the look of high disdain
That answered to the cry of pain!
The air of awful saintliness
With which he gathered us his dress,
Acting, as plain as speech could be,
“You'd better die than trouble me!”
The climber of grand altar stairs,
The maker of unending prayers,
The keeper of all heavenly balms,
The singer of seraphic psalms,
The friend of souls, their hope, their guide,
He passes by the other side.
If we have love, beyond a doubt
A dying man will call it out.
A lion, brute, will heed the yelp
And anguish of its wounded whelp,
And soulless bird that sings and flies
Will answer to its own that cries.
What made the priest, that man of prayer
Pass by, his nose up in the air?

He wrought his noble actions when
They could be seen and praised of men.
That bleeding Jew, in this lone place
Has torn the mask from off his face.
In spacious temples he was loud
And lacrymose before a crowd,
He gave munificently where
The throng would cry out "there, look there!"
He seemed to have a generous heart
When he was acting out a part
In some fine play; but that lone Jew
Has laid him bare and looked him through.
He would have seen that bleeding brow
Up in Jerusalem just now;
He would have heard that cry of woe
Along the streets of Jericho,
And helped his brother like a God,
With tongues to tell the deed abroad;
But here, where none stand by to see,
No tongue, hands, eyes or heart has he.
His life to low, self-seeking, ran,
He was a priest, but not a man.
A scandal to the name he bears,
Just a machine for making prayers.
We may be great where men can praise,
What are we on life's lonely ways?
The whispered word of hopeful cheer,
The silent falling of a tear,
The friendly hand, the generous deed,
Known only to the heart of need,
Show, clearer than a dress parade,
The stuff of which our souls are made.

Here comes another of his kind,
But smaller, and so walks behind,
A Levite (would the tribe had ceased),
Apeing the manners of the priest;
Puts on the same "don't-touch-me" look,

Takes just the gait his master took,
Treads in his track where ere it goes,
The same precisely, heels and toes.
No! he is crossing to the place
Where the Jew lies; looks in his face,
Walks round him, views each wounded limb,
Stares in the eyes fast growing dim,
Treats him as so much broken clay,
Then pigeon-toes himself away.
This doer of religious chores
Inside of Temple hours and doors,
Who held religion as a trade
And only worked it when it paid,
No thought had he of swoons or pains,
But simply looked on the remains,
As people walk our dead about
To see if they are well laid out.
He served his Maker by the piece
In handling pots and blood and grease,
And having dressed the last beasts limb,
Nor God nor man had claims on him;
He loosed himself from holy things
When he untied his apron strings.

Poor Jew, thy sorrows have not ceased,
For riding slowly on his breast,
Comes one who bears thy fiercest ban,
The loathed and lost Samaritan,
The scum and refuse of all lands—
Cover thy face up with thy hands!
Upon thy nation and thy tribe
He will heap jest and scatter gibe,
Hurl curses at thy Holy Place,
And call thee dog right to thy face,
Answer thy cries with oath and hiss—
Would God that thou hadst died ere this!
He lingers: it is but to kill!
Beside the Jew the beast stands still!

Above the wounded, dying man,
Leans that abhorred Samaritan.
He seeks the knife beneath his cloak
That carries death in one swift stroke;
He draws it! no! that's oil! that's wine!
He looks like love, heaven-born, divine,
Big tears are streaming down his cheeks,
How tender are the words he speaks,—
“My brother, in distress thou art;
I am thy brother; here's my heart;
Thy wounds shall drink my oil, my wine,
Then on this humble beast of mine
To a near inn safe thou shalt ride,
And I will walk close at thy side.”

Take home the lesson as ye can,
The secret life reveals the man.

How we have erred in judgment all,
Calling that great which is so small,
Calling that low which is so high
And Godlike, it can never die.
We see, but only see in part,
We see the face, but not the heart—
Beneath some cursed and hated name
May sweep a soul with love aflame,
And priestly robes may hide a gaunt,
Disfigured soul, all froth and cant.

Samaritan, well named the Good,
We hail thy sign of brotherhood,
It breathes through every cry of need,
And answers in each loving deed.
It knows nor sect nor creed nor race,
But shines in every human face,
Links North to South and East to West,
And throbs in every human breast.

Deep as the soul of man it goes,
Wide as his sympathies it flows,
High as his hopes, deep as his fears,
Awakening joys, suppressing tears,
And in the face of clique and clan
Proclaims the Brotherhood of Man.

ONLY THE BEAUTIFUL ABIDES

We soon forget the snow
Amidst the Summer's glow,
And in the morning light
Forgotten is the night.

The wildest storm no trace
Leaves on the ocean's face.
The blight of wintry hours
Spring hides beneath her flowers.

All dark, unlovely things
Are borne away on wings,
Or swiftly rushing tides—
The beautiful abides.

The universe takes care
Of all things true and fair,
Only the taint, the lie,
Can be destroyed, or die.

OUR BETHLEHEMS

Oh, not alone in some far clime
The plains of Bethlehem lie,
Or in some distant night of time
Came angels from the sky.

LIE

Whenever Christ is born again
In human hearts, a King,
There stretches Bethlehem's star-lit plain,
And there the angels sing.

And there are shepherds tending still
The flocks of souls by night,
And leading them with love's rare skill
Toward the morning light.

These men hear through midnights deep
The old glad tidings ring;
And they who keep the Father's sheep
Still hear the angels sing.

So ever more the wide world o'er
Divine birth measures roll,
And Bethlehem's plain lies near the door
Of every shepherd soul.

INDIAN SUMMER

When alien winds on Summer blew,
To sheltered vales went he,
As Jesus from His foes withdrew
To quiet Bethany.

Around him, as around the Lord,
His works of love were spread;
Some forms of life to health restored,
And some raised from the dead.

The Indian Summer saw with pain
Her Master's end was near,
And brought from mountain, sea and plain,
The beauty of the year;

And gave to Summer as he lay,
In balm and sunshine poured,
Anointment for his burial day,
As Mary did her Lord.

Then forth the fragrance, wave on wave,
Burst, like a spirit freed;
And gracious words the Summer gave
The doer and the deed.

The autumn winds, chagrined at this,
Esteeming all as loss,
Betrayed the Summer with a kiss,
And Winter reared his cross.

THE ONE CLEAR NOTE OF LIFE

Above the world's discordant strife,
Its tumult and uproar,
The one clear note of ageless Life,
Is gladness evermore.

The measured movement of all things,
Life's rhythmic flow, serene,
Declare that something flutes and sings
Behind the starry screen.

It maybe, just beyond our sense
Of hearing, there are choirs,
And orchestras divine, from whence
Float strains of lutes and lyres.

The streams have heard them as they run
Through meadows, over plains,
And earth, and air, and star, and sun,
Seem moving to the strains.

The bee goes humming, humming by,
Repeating some rare rune,
And all wings beautiful that fly
Keep time with some glad tune.

The winds, they never sigh, they sing,
To measures rich and rare;
Toil's belted wheels in rhythm swing
To music in the air.

O, listen to thine own heart-beat,
My friend, its throbings blend
With some life-music, grand and sweet,
Thou canst not comprehend.

What joys the happy children know,
Their eyes, how sparkling bright;
They live the nearest to the flow
Of streams of song and light

A dying man across the street,
Slow drifting from Time's shore,
Heard melodies surpassing sweet
He never heard before.

A splendor glorified his face,
And wonder filled his eyes;
He must have seen some blessed place—
Death's beautiful surprise.

And one walked once in Galilee,
To whom high joy was given;
His ears could hear: His eyes could see,
On earth He lived in heaven.

His Father spoke to Him one day,
That His heart might not break:

"It thundered!" some were heard to say;
Some said: "An angel spake!"

Come, friend, let us return and know
Life's deep, unsaddened word,
And with the Christ through uplands go,
And hear what He once heard.

For spite of tear and sigh and moan,
All discords that annoy,
The one clear, everlasting tone
Of Life, is Joy—pure Joy.

MANHOOD

The star must long in darkness lie
Before it glitters in the sky,
Be moulded, broken, wrought anew,
Shaken to atoms, and passed through
The furnace flame, until it glows
White as the fire on which God blows,
And then He sets it on some height—
A lonely splendor through the night.

How comes the sheaf of ripened grain?
The wheat must die to live again,
And out of darkness and the mould
Make of itself the hundred-fold!
So he, who to some worth aspires
Will find it when the testing fires
Have searched him through, and strokes of pain
Have beaten into finer grain
The texture of his heart and brain.
When, after hammer stroke and heat,
Serene he stands upon his feet,
Nor fortune fair, nor sore distress,
Can make his value more or less;
To purer, truer manhood wrought,
He is himself all that he sought.

THE RAINBOW AROUND THE THRONE

As friends long parted, meeting,
And joy o'er grief prevails,
Use tender signs of greeting
When other language fails,
So, when earth's ties are broken
And God brings home His own,
He greets them with this token,
A rainbow round the throne.

There, all things will remind us—
The rivers and the trees—
Of scenes we left behind us—
The mountains and the seas—
And, mellowing all the splendor,
On walls of polished stone
Will beam, with radiance tender,
A rainbow round the throne.

The throne—the throne of glory,
Ah, who could bear the sight
Without the gracious story
Told in that arch of light!
If judgment passes knowing,
Then Love, too, is unknown,
The opening heavens showing
A rainbow round the throne.

REWARD

The ministers to human needs,
The sowers of the heavenly seeds,
The doers of the blessed deeds,
Shall walk the streets of precious stones
And sit down on the splendid thrones.

A SONG OF TRUST

Over and over and over again
God has been sending the sun and the rain,
Bloom to the meadows, sap to the boughs,
Keeping unbroken with Nature His vows.

Over and over and over again
God has been sending us pleasure and pain,
Stirring, then leading to beautiful goals,
Keeping unbroken His promise with souls.

Still we go fearing that something will miss
Its measure of care, its guerdon of bliss,
With faithfulness written around us so plain,
Over and over and over again.

Seeing the promise of God standeth fast,
Trust, for the future will be as the past,
Love, leading and rest, the sunshine and rain,
Over and over and over again.

HOW WILL IT BE?

How will it be when the roses fade,
And the trees are brown and bare,
And the beautiful things that God had made
Lie withering everywhere?
Then, faith will look on a world arrayed
In all that is fresh and fair.

How will it be when the clouds appear,
And the sun is lost to sight,
When the strongest falter and step with fear
Through the deepening shades of night?
“Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear,”
Thy face shall be strength and light.

How will it be when the pomp and show
 Of the world to which we cling,
Is lost in the shadows that death will throw
 From the plumes of his dusky wing?
We shall see the city of God and go
 Through the gates to meet the King.

How will it be when we reach at last
 The home we have sought so long,
And tread the courts of its temple vast
 In the midst of a holy throng?
Moment of rapture, unsurpassed,
 It cannot be told in song.

THE WINDING STAIRWAY

"A winding about still upward."—Ex. 41:7.

Round and round Life's circles run
 Through plants that spread and climb,
Round and round the golden sun
 Earth rolls to reach her prime,
And this the way through circling time
 In every age, and every clime
That souls have wrought with hope sublime,
 And heaven and glory won.

We cannot stand in one small place
 And see God's temple fair,
The miracles of strength and grace,
 The lights and shadows there,
Our feet must tread with patient care
 The rugged steps of toil and prayer
All round and round the winding stair
 That leads up to His face.

"AS WE ARE KNOWN"

We are known—our moral weight,
Ruling purpose, inward state;
Our true self-hood, loved or loathed,
Walks unsandaled and unclothed.
On the life of man unseen
This great universe looks in.

Through the deepest, darkest night
We stand in a blaze of light,
Every secret love unsealed,
Every hidden sin revealed,
All our being bared to view
As the heavens look us through.

Could we climb the loftiest steep,
Could we pierce the lowest deep,
Were we laid and swiftly borne
On the radiant wings of morn
To the outmost verge of space,
God would look us in the face.

All our silence-breathing sighs
Make a tumult through the skies;
Thoughts unuttered peal as chimes,
Glad or mournful, through all climes:
Every throb of inward strife
Stirs the boundless deep of life.

What we do, not what we dream;
What we are, not what we seem;
What behind our word is thought;
What behind our prayer is sought.
As we live unseen, alone,
This we are—and we are known.

Challenge not the false report,
Bring no witness into court,
With the verdict of to-day
Make no issue, go thy way;
God at last the truth shall own,
Giving glory—we are known.

WHEN NIGHT COMES ON

There's work enough till night comes on,
In fields that lie untilled and bare,
And where the wheat strives with the tare,
Through darkened lands, at our own doors,
In still soul chambers, mine and yours,
For did not He, the wisest, say:
"Go! work, while it is called to-day?"
There's work enough till night comes on.

There's wealth of Joy when night comes on,
For those who, turning to the past,
Hear rustling grain from seed they cast
The echoes of kind words, their own,
Across the graves of dead years blown,
And breathe the perfume of the flowers,
Called Loving Deeds, through twilight hours,—
There's wealth of Joy when night comes on.

We cannot work when night comes on:
Life's battle may be lost or won,
The light has fled, the day is done,
The fields of grand achievement lie
Deserted, 'neath a darkened sky,
And through the market-place no clear
Voice rings: "Why stand ye idle here?"
We cannot work when night comes on.

FINISHED WORK

Finish what thou hast to do,
Prove thy right to wear the crown,
Bravely tread thy journey through
Ere the sun goes down.

Lay some stone each passing hour
In thy palace of renown,
Run the flag up on the tower,
Ere the sun goes down.

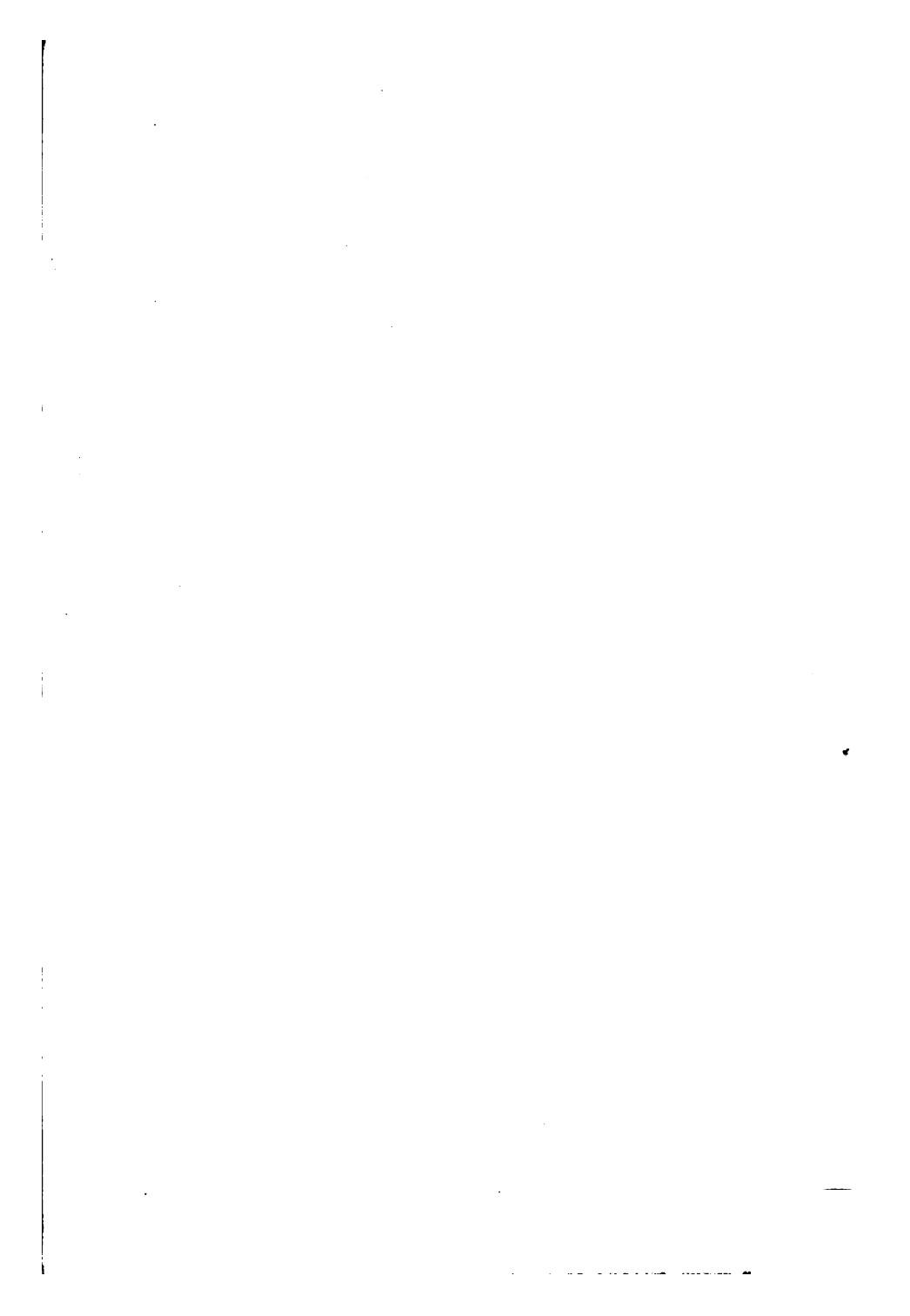
Crowd thy bark, though storm assailed,
Over seas that seek to drown,
To the harbor mouth, full-sailed,
Ere the sun goes down.

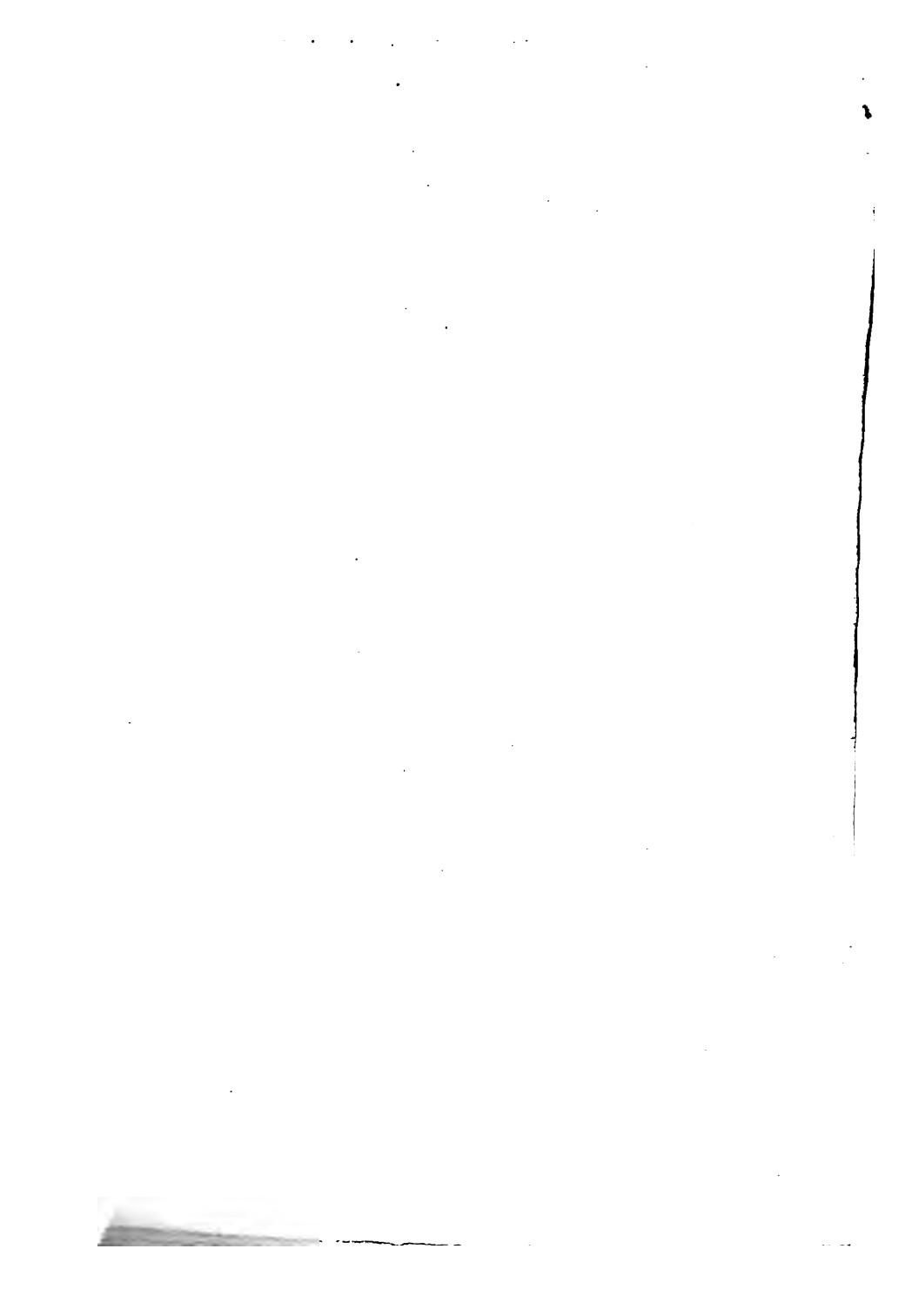
Stand up bravely in the fight
Play the king and not the clown,
Clear the trenches, storm the height,
Ere the sun goes down.

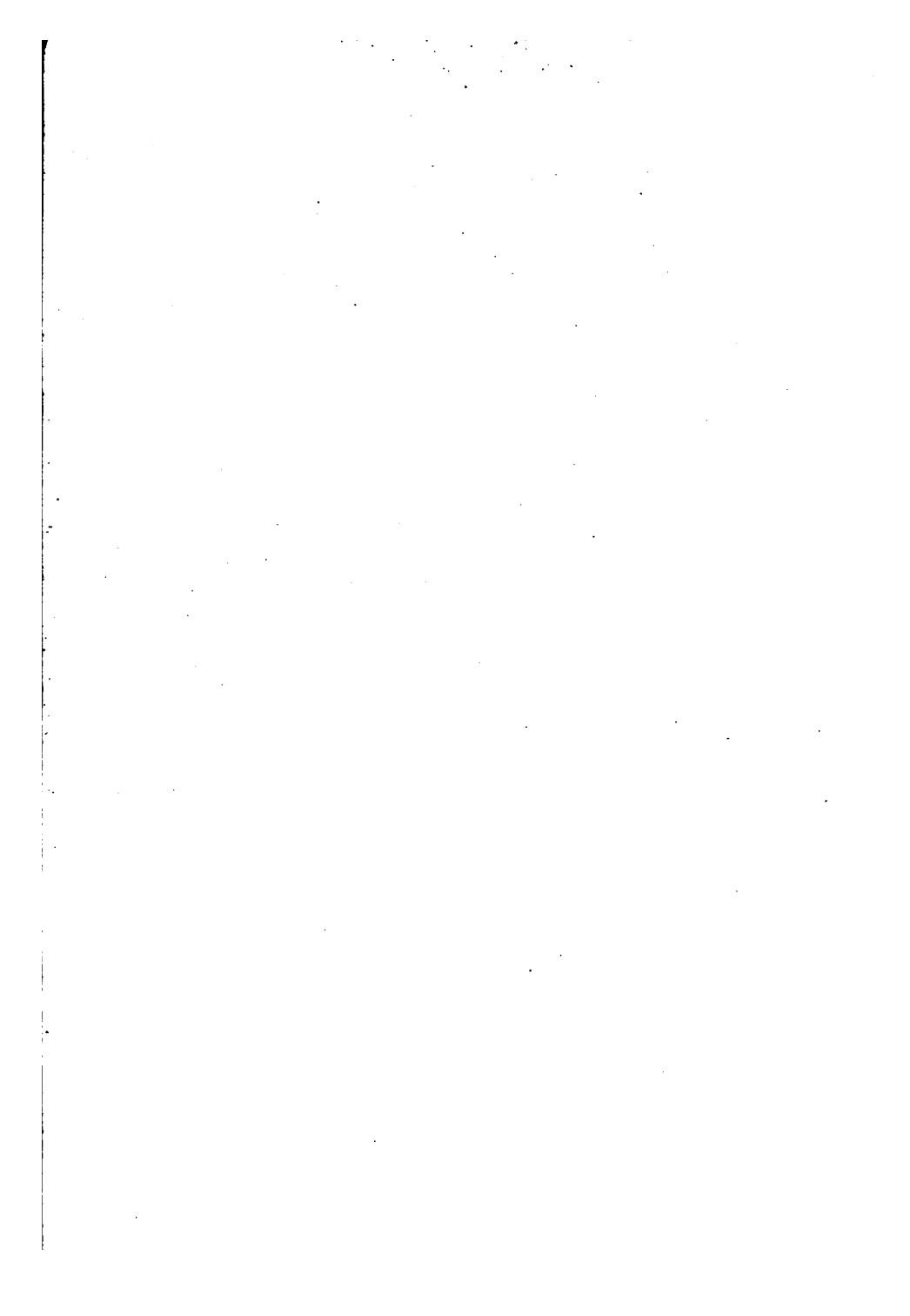
Plow thy furrow in Life's field,
Though the heavens may smile or frown,
Falter not, look back nor yield,
Till the sun goes down.

If thou canst not reap, then glean,
Midst the stubble bare and brown,
Search the field and leave it clean
Ere the sun goes down.

Time enough to lay aside
Warrior's mail and priestly gown
In the dusk of eventide,
When the sun goes down.











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